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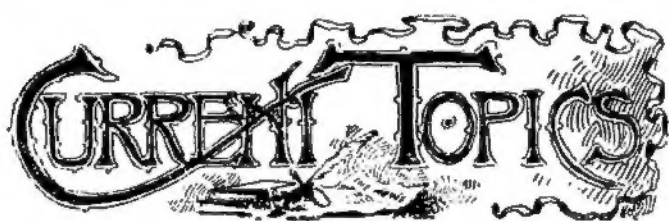
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Newfoundland.

Recent events in Newfoundland seem to indicate a childishness and lack of national feeling on the part of many of its people that is surprising, to give it the mildest term. They have, we think, almost universal sympathy from Canada for their trouble in having to bear the incubus of the French Shore; but the removal of the difficulty has to be gone about in a manly and business-like way, with some regard for the position of the Imperial Government in the matter. While to any unprejudiced student of the historical points of the case there can be no doubt but that many of the French claims are based on a clerical blunder in the original treaty, the fact remains that for over a century their position has scarcely been questioned, with the result of vastly strengthening their hold on the coast. The islanders are now loudly demanding that the Home Government break or ignore these treaty stipulations—not indeed by forcibly removing the foreign colonists, their factories and fishing boats, but by permitting the English fishermen to take the law into their own hands, and by armed strength resisting any attempt on the part of the French naval force to protect the rights of their people. While the rights of the poorest British subject must be maintained with foreign powers, if it takes every ship, every man and every gun in the Navy to do it—while the slightest encroachment on the part of the French fishermen in excess of treaty stipulations must be promptly resisted, equal privileges must be accorded to them, so long as the treaty exists. It would be the height of criminal madness for two such great nations as England and France to go to war about such a matter—to throw away millions of money and thousands of lives for the sake of a fishing-coast. Far better and cheaper would it be to pay a good round hundred pounds a year to each English fisherman on the island and each member of his family for the rest of their natural lives. There are but three courses open to the Home Government: (1) Break the treaty. This means war, and would be both unjust and absurd. (2) Leave matters as they are. This would be grossly unfair to the islanders and would give rise to serious and continued trouble. (3) Arrange with France for the entire extinction of her rights in Newfoundland and the Gulf; the compensation to be granted her for same to be left to arbitration. This is the most sensible plan. Should France decline to submit the matter to arbitration, or to make the sale except at the most exorbitant figure, nothing more can be done towards the acquisition. But in such a case, Great Britain can do much to improve the condition of her subjects there. The opening of the interior; the inauguration of public works and railways on a large scale; active steps towards bettering the condition of the fishermen; all these could be undertaken to a large extent by the Imperial Government, by a moderate guaran-

tee to capitalists investing. The colonists would have steady employment; emigration would be directed towards the excellent farming land that exists in the interior; and the business of the entire community would receive a wonderful stimulus.

Island Sentiments.

There is, however, a curiously uncertain ring in the sentiments re-echoed from the Island. A strong condemnation of the Imperial action, or inaction, is expressed—what this is based on, would be a difficult question to answer. Diplomatic negotiations are proverbially slow, and it is impossible to upset a treaty of 100 years in as many days. Steps have certainly been taken by our Government, but the French authorities seem singularly averse to going closely into the matter. Then there is, on the Island, an apparently decided objection to entering the Dominion—we term it apparent, because we think it is, to a large extent, voiced by a few interested parties who fear their business would suffer by confederation. We cannot think that the intelligent mass of the community would, if the facts were put squarely before them, object to become part of a nation—and that nation an important and influential part of the Empire—instead of remaining an insignificant crown colony. The most objectionable sentiment to which expression has been given during the last few months is annexation to the United States. Can it be true that England's oldest colony would, in a moment of pettishness, seek to throw off her allegiance to and share in the British Empire in the hope of the "protection" of the Stars and Stripes? Surely such wishes must exist in the minds of only the most debased of her people. No honourable man, and no honourable state could do so; for in the act their honour would be lost. Granted that most of those who cry "annexation" only do so as a supposed lever with which to influence England's action; apart from the doubtful morality of such an act, it is grossly disloyal. For the honour and good name of the Island, we sincerely hope that the accounts have been exaggerated.

The English Press on the Elections.

At no time up to the present has the result of our late general election excited such interest in other parts of the Empire and in foreign countries. That the interest aroused in England was more than usual cannot be wondered at, in view of the twaddle about annexation so freely indulged in; but, apart from that, the concern manifested shows how rapidly things Canadian are growing in importance. Much of this enlistment of sympathy in colonial affairs is due to the efforts of the Royal Canadian Institute and Imperial Federation League, who are steadily spreading knowledge of and awakening interest in the colonies, and taking all possible steps towards the unity of the Empire. With the exception of one journal, the *Daily News*, the leading English papers have been singularly judicious in their remarks on the result of the battle at the polls, especially so as their data were cabled reports. The *Times* drew special attention to the fact that a majority of 20 to 25 votes was equal to 60 or 70 in the Imperial Commons—a plurality—to use an Americanism—with which most Prime Ministers would be amply satisfied. The editorial of the *Standard* on the subject was an admirable one, and did full justice to the general loyal sentiments of the Liberal party, which had been so misrepresented by their opponents. We regret that the remarks of the *Daily News* betray so much ignorance of our position, both geographically and politically. Instead of the majority of the constituencies nearest the United States returning members favourable to unrestricted reciprocity, by far the greater number of the contiguous counties voted against such a measure. The statement that Ontario and Quæbec are the most intelligent portions of the Dominion is, as a matter of fact, incorrect, and is decidedly a slur on the extreme Eastern and Western Provinces. *Pro rata* to their population the Maritime Provinces are in many respects fully equal, if not superior, to their Western brethren. In literature, which is a

fair test of the intelligence of a people, in attention to historic and national matters, in successful business qualities, this is markedly the case. Who in Canada excel HALIBURTON as a writer, HOWE as an orator, WILLIAMS of KARS as a skilful soldier. Again, the expression "Canadian unity scarcely exists," is misleading. Compared with the unity of the counties in England, one with another, our provincial tie is certainly a loose one; but compared with the unity of Ireland with Great Britain, and of the several states in the American Republic with each other, the tie is an extremely real and close one. The whole article is characterized by a cold and bloodless pessimism, un-British and incorrect to an extreme.

The Dominion Illustrated Prize Competition, 1891. QUESTIONS.

SECOND SERIES.

- 7.—Quote mention of a shipwreck on Lake Ontario; give date and particulars.
- 8.—Where is narrated the escape of a prisoner destined to be burnt?
- 9.—Quote the paragraph mentioning a suicide occurring on the stage of a theatre.
- 10.—Give details of the instance cited of a frontier being kept neutral in war?
- 1.—Where is mention made of a new literary organization in a city in the West of England?
- 12.—Quote the expression or expressions relative to the low standard of morality in Buenos Ayres?

NOTE.—All the material necessary for correctly answering the above questions can be found in Nos. 131 to 139 of the "Dominion Illustrated," being the weekly issues for January and February.

THE PEOPLE at the VILLA



BY ADELINE SERGEANT.

(Exclusive rights for Canada purchased by the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.)

"The Villa is taken at last," said Mr. Charteris, with a triumphant flourish of his umbrella.

"You don't say so. I am glad to hear it. I hope you have found nice tenants."

"Oh, I think so," said the Rector, cheerily. "A Mrs. Vandeleur and her daughter. Mrs. Vandeleur is a widow, and her father, who is an invalid, resides with her. But she carries on all the negotiations. She seems to be a thorough business woman."

"Have you seen her?" I asked.

"Oh, yes—saw her in London yesterday. A handsome woman—a little pale and flurried, but quite equal to any occasion."

"And the daughter?"

"A handsome girl, too; but," said Mr. Charteris, with a smiling shake of the head, "not so pleasing as the mother."

I did not think that I agreed with our good rector when I first met Mrs. Vandeleur and her daughter, for I liked the girl better than I liked the mother. Mrs. Vandeleur was, as I had heard, a handsome woman; she was tall, well-made, dark-haired and straight-featured, but there was to me something unpleasant in her face—something which I at first found inexplicable. Later on I discovered that the unpleasant impression arose from a discrepancy between the colour of her hair and that of her eyebrows and eyelashes. The hair on her head was black; the other was light brown, and the eyes were greyish blue. It is curious to see how sinister is the effect produced by dissimilarity of this kind. Mrs. Vandeleur's complexion was fair, too, and I one day hazarded the opinion (to a friend of mine) that her hair was dyed. But why should she dye it, when the fair hair would

have suited her so much better? She was always very fashionably dressed, in the garb of a woman who had been a widow some two years or more, and was beginning to think of society again, but she did not give me the impression of a person who had mixed much with the world, and it struck me that her talkativeness and evident love of display covered an unusual amount of nervousness and depression.

The daughter seemed more natural but less lively. She was not exactly pretty, but she was interesting and delicate in appearance. She had a frightened manner, and large, timid, distressing-looking eyes. Her hair, of which she had a great quantity, was fair—exactly the sort of hair that her mother ought to have had. She had almost gone out of mourning, and wore white a great deal—white with black or violet ribbons. Both mother and daughter dressed exceedingly well; the only thing to be alleged against their taste was that they wore too much jewellery. It was all apparently good and expensive; but we in Underwood were not accustomed to diamonds, and did not like to see them flashing on the fingers of these two ladies on every day of the week. People began to talk about these diamond ornaments—they were even the subject of conversation at the Airedale Arms. As Mr. Charteris sharply exclaimed, "if Mrs. and Miss Vandeleur wanted to be murdered in their beds they could not do better than display their goods so openly."

"It shows that the Vandeleurs are nobodies," I remarked to him, "or they would know better than to wear diamonds in a morning."

I took some pleasure in saying this; for the Rector was always enthusiastic about his tenants, and one is never very sorry to prick the bubble of a friend's enthusiasm.

"They were very well introduced," said Mr. Charteris, rather stiffly. "I have no reason to think them other than they were represented to be. A little error of taste is not conclusive."

"Oh, no, not conclusive," said I. "Let me see, you said they were——?"

"Professional people," said the Rector, defensively. "The husband was a solicitor, very well connected, in good practice—the agent knew all about him; and her father, old Mr. Tremaine, the invalid, was a man of property, farmed his own land, you know—and all that sort of thing——"

"Very satisfactory indeed," said I. "But why does he not continue to farm his own land?"

"He had extensive losses, and came to live with his daughter. It is a curious thing," said Mr. Charteris, getting up to go, "that you ladies are always so uncharitable towards one another."

"And equally curious," I said to myself—though I did not say it aloud—"that men are so destitute of caution where a handsome woman is concerned."

This was perhaps a little unfair on my part, for the rector was a good man of business, as well as a conscientious clergyman, and was not likely to let the Villa to any but respectable people.

The Villa was rather a tender subject with him. He had built it himself, in a vain hope that it would be useful as a clergy-house—as a residence for the two curates that he was intending to procure. But the scheme did not work well. The elder of the curates was a married man with a family, and the younger objected to having no rooms of his own. After a time the rector gave up his first plan, and took to letting the house furnished. He had furnished it himself when the clergy-house notion was in his head, and had had more than one tenant already. But his tenants had not been

such as to bring him much credit. One had gone off without paying the rent; another had been a man of dissipated habits, to whom the rector had been obliged to give notice. Each of these tenants had come with the highest testimonials, however, and it was therefore natural, perhaps, that we should look with a little suspicion on the "well-recommended" ladies of Elm-tree Villa. For Elm-tree Villa was the proper name of the pretty red-brick house, with its bow-window and trimly-kept garden-plots, but everybody called it "The Villa," as if there were no other building of that name in all the world.

Mr. Charteris was always anxious that we should call on the people at the Villa. I suppose it seemed to him desirable that they should be countenanced by his friends; but after two unfortunate experiences his friends had become a little shy of the new comers. In the present instance, however, we could make no objection to Mrs. Vandeleur and her daughter. They seemed to be absolutely inoffensive persons. They had plenty of money, they lived quietly, they came to church, they had good introductions—at least, so the Rector said—; why should not Underwood be friendly?

And Underwood was friendly—unusually so. Mrs. Vandeleur was a pleasant person, not too clever, and quite ready to talk about her servants; and Miss Vandeleur was really a clever little thing, who could play the organ, sketch in water-colours, and sing French songs to a guitar. Dr. Elliott's daughters would have made a great friend of Grace Vandeleur, if she had let them. But there was some curious reserve about her; some stiffness or shyness, which nobody could exactly understand. It sometimes appeared as if she did not want to be on friendly terms with anyone. The frightened look which I had noticed in her pretty eyes did not disappear as one came to know more of her: it seemed rather to increase. Sometimes she looked so scared, so anxious, so uneasy, that I wondered whether she had not been frightened as a child, or whether her wits were quite as secure as those of ordinary people.

I asked her to tea now and then, and she went several times to the Elliotts' house, but she did not play tennis, and seemed very shy. Jack Elliott was greatly taken with her. Of course he was only a boy—a great red-haired boy of nineteen, who could not spell to save his life—but he was a nice, good-hearted fellow, and I was rather sorry to see that he was about to pass through his first experience of love in connection with Miss Vandeleur.

Poor little girl! I really do not think that she encouraged him. She used to look quite terrified when he approached her. She gave him short answers and would not look at him when he made silly speeches in her ear; but of course this only stimulated him the more. And his sisters did not take the matter in a serious light. Even Mary, his sensible elder sister, only laughed when I gave her a hint to be careful. I could not do less; for—believe it or disbelieve it as you please—I never could feel at my ease about those people at the Villa. There seemed to me something doubtful about them: as if they had something to conceal. They never would talk of their past life, nor of the places which they knew. When Grace mentioned casually that she once lived in Manchester her mother gave her a look that I shall never forget—a look of warning, of affright, almost of agony. The girl coloured deeply and then went white as snow. It was the only occasion on which I heard her mention the name of any place where she had been.

My house and the Villa stand in roads which cut one another at right angles, and the extreme ends of the two gardens meet. Mine, being the longer of the two, skirts the Villa garden for some little distance, and there is a little gate in the hedge between the two pieces of ground. It was placed there with my consent in the time of the married curate. His wife, who was an invalid, liked to feel that she could run in to see me at any moment, without going round by the road. Since then I had kept it locked, and thought of having it done away with; but it was still there—still to be made useful once again, and in a way of which I little dreamed.

In summer time I am in the habit of giving an informal sort of garden party on the third Friday in every month. My friends are very good in coming to see me on that day, for I have no amusement to offer them—no young people in my house. The lawn is not large enough for tennis. Nevertheless, a good many visitors show themselves: they loiter about the garden, or sit in the drawing-room, drink tea, gossip, listen to music, as people usually do at this kind of party. "Your house is always so pleasant, dear Mrs. Daintrey," they say to me. At any rate, I take care that my tea and strawberries are excellent, and that my music shall

be good of its kind. Nothing vexes me more than bad music, and it was therefore with some little reluctance that I was prevailed upon one day to ask Miss Vandeleur to sing. She had not brought her guitar with her, but I sent my maid for it, and she performed without any of her usual shyness or timidity for our benefit.

She really sang extremely well. She gave us one or two French songs, and a plantation ditty which I did not care for, but which all the gentlemen applauded vehemently. What struck me more than her singing, however, was her appearance. She wore a white dress, and a plain straw hat; the only touch of colour about her came from the blue ribbon of her guitar. She looked singularly charming. There was something ineffably simple, childish, appealing, about her—something which made me wish to help her and protect her, although there seemed not the least reason to suppose that she wanted to be helped or protected. Other people felt the charm beside myself. Jack Elliott, who came in late, having been to London on business, paused a minute in the doorway as if he were struck dumb by an apparition of such beauty. She was sitting on an ottoman in the middle of the room, smiling a little at some compliment that had just been paid her. I never saw her look so pretty—never, before or since.

I moved forward to speak to Jack. The silly boy looked as if he had lost his head completely, and was ready to throw himself at Grace Vandeleur's feet. I spoke to him about some trivial subject of the day, and so gave him time to recover himself.

"Oh, yes," he said, with a violent start, as soon as he realized what it was that I was saying to him. "Oh, yes, they lost it, you know. Government was beaten, of course—I did not know you cared for politics, Mrs. Daintrey."

"I don't think I care for them very much," I said. Miss Vandeleur had risen and was approaching us slowly, though with an air of not seeing us, which I am certain was put on. I tried desperately to entangle the young fellow in easy, harmless talk. "Any news in the City to-day?" I asked.

"No, nothing in particular." Miss Vandeleur had turned aside to speak to one of the Miss Elliotts. Jack was at leisure to consider my question. "There's some excitement about that absconding director, Styles. You heard of him? The man who forged and embezzled, and did everything bad under the sun. They thought he had got clear away to Spain, but it turns out he hasn't. He is living somewhere under a feigned name, and the police have got a clue."

"That was the wretched man who ruined so many other people."

"Yes, a regular scoundrel. I should like to see him hanged. He's sure to be caught, that's one good thing."

His voice died away in the buzz of many voices that suddenly arose around us. "Oh dear!—Miss Vandeleur's fainting!—The room is rather hot!—Over-tired with singing, no doubt—may we open the window?"

Of course I was at the girl's side as soon as her change of countenance was remarked. She had turned lividly white, and sank down on the nearest chair, clutching a little wildly at the hand of Mary Elliott, who happened to be near her. There was an immediate outcry for water, air, smelling-salts, what not; and in the midst of it all Mrs. Vandeleur pushed her way through the agitated little crowd, looking as white as Grace herself.

"Dear child, what is the matter?—Oh, I see, just a little faintness. She will be better directly. Grace, darling, rouse yourself; drink this water—sit up, dear!"

We stood back as the mother held the glass to her daughter's white lips, and I was the only person near enough to catch the harsh whisper that was hissed, so to speak, into the poor girl's ear:—

"For God's sake, control yourself! What will people think!"

She was blandness and suavity itself next moment, as if she were all compact of motherly tenderness and fine feeling; but neither the tone of the whisper nor its effect upon Grace Vandeleur escaped me. The girl sat up immediately, pressing her hand to her brow and glancing round her with a look of positive terror.

"What have I done? what have I said?" she murmured distractedly.

"You felt a little faint dear," said the mother, smoothly; "and we have been quite frightened about you. Are you better now?"

"Yes, thank you. I am so sorry, Mrs. Daintrey. It was the heat of the room, I think."

"Perhaps you would like to lie down, or to go into the garden?" I suggested, politely, hoping in my heart that she

would go home. But she had looked into her mother's eyes. What she saw there I know not; but she had seen some warning or command, and she responded to it, as I am sure she must have responded many times before.

"Oh, indeed, I am quite well now. It was only a momentary dizziness. I will go into the garden for a little while if I may; perhaps Mr. Elliott will take me," she said, looking up into Jack's face, with what I felt to be an intolerable archness. She usually had the good sense not to put herself forward in any way, but on this occasion reserve and decorum seemed to have forsaken her. "If you will just take me out into the fresh air," she went on, addressing herself boldly to Jack, "I know I shall be better. I feel quite well now—or almost well; indeed, I do."

"Had you not better go home, dear?" asked her mother. "Oh no, thank you. I should cry with disappointment if I had to go home now," said Miss Vandeleur, with sudden and great vivacity. "I would not go home for the world. I will walk round the garden with Mr. Elliott, and he shall tell me the news."

And with rather a noisy laugh she accepted Jack's arm and moved out of the room. I saw them cross the lawn and sit down on a bench under the great mulberry tree. Jack's head was bent as he listened and replied to her; there was a look of timid, reverential adoration upon his honest, stupid face. As for her, all trace of illness or agitation had passed away. Her colour had become vivid, her eyes brilliant; she seemed to be talking and laughing incessantly. Two or three people remarked to me on the change in her. They said that she was very handsome, and I agreed with them; but I did not add that I also thought her odious and vulgar. There was something hard in her tones and artificial in her laughter. I wondered how it was that I had ever been so mistaken in her as to think her pretty and refined.

My guests generally left me before seven, but it was after seven before she and Jack came in from the garden. She was still flushed, excited, smiling, talkative: Jack was flushed and evidently excited too; but he was grave and silent. Mrs. Vandeleur had not waited for her daughter; she had gone home after Grace's attack of faintness. There was nothing to be done but to let Jack escort Miss Vandeleur.

I had my solitary dinner—or pretended to have it, for I was much too angry to eat—and then I went out into the garden to enjoy the coolness and stillness of the evening. I sat down on the seat under the mulberry tree and meditated on the events of the day. The party had been quite successful, except at that moment when Miss Vandeleur was taken ill. I had been afraid then that it would break up in confusion. Fortunately the girl had revived, and the matter had passed off lightly. I do not think that I am an unsympathetic woman, as a rule, but I had scant sympathy for Miss Vandeleur. There was something eccentric about her illness, about her recovery, about her appearance and behaviour afterwards, which I did not like at all. One might have thought oneself on the edge of a mystery—and I hate mysteries; they are not what one expects at Underwood.

My seat was close to the hedge which divides my garden from that of the Villa. As I sat and meditated, the sound of footsteps and voices in the Villa garden fell upon my ear. At first I did not notice what was said. Indeed, only a very few words reached me—if more had been spoken I should have risen, at any risk, and moved away; for I have no fancy for playing eavesdropper, as I had once been obliged to do when my niece Lisa was staying with me. But this was what I heard.

First the sound of sobs—half-stifled, certainly, but very long and violent. I had scarcely ever heard such passionate weeping in my life before. Then a voice—the voice of Mrs. Vandeleur.

"You must control yourself, Annie," she was saying with a nervous irritation in her voice which made me very sorry for the person to whom she spoke. "You will spoil everything if you behave in this way."

Was "Annie" a servant who had cooked the dinner badly? I wondered.

The long-drawn sobs went on for a minute or two; then came a disjointed, gasping reply.

"I can't bear it! When will it end? The—the misery of it—the shame—the disgrace!"

And the voice was the voice of Grace Vandeleur.

Then a few words were spoken by someone, who was a stranger to me. A man this time. The voice was rather pleasant—smooth and deep—not the voice of an old man, by the way, so (I reasoned within myself) not the voice of Mrs. Vandeleur's father.

"Come, cheer up, Annie," it said. "It won't be for long, you know. I dare say we shall get off in a week or two. And we will get to a place where nobody knows."

"I wish you would leave off crying in that ridiculous way," said Mrs. Vandeleur, still irritably. "Come, Gerald, you want your walk while the servants are out, you know."

"By George, I do," said the man addressed as Gerald. "How on earth I should keep it up if I didn't get out here in the evenings, I can't imagine! I suppose I daren't smoke a cigar? Cheer up, my girl; we shall be all right when we get away from this dull hole."

Then he and Mrs. Vandeleur walked down a shaded alley to the right, and the girl was left alone. There was an instant's silence, broken almost immediately by her sobs, which, however, were growing a little less passionate. Finally they died away, and I heard only the sound of footsteps on the gravel, as the elder woman and man tramped slowly up and down. I noticed the man's step particularly; it was the step of a vigorous man—not of an old man, nor of an invalid. After a time, they went into the house together. Then the girl whom I had always known as Grace Vandeleur seemed to rouse herself; she stirred, shivered—I could hear her distinctly through the leafy screen—and even moaned a little to herself. "Oh God, forgive us!" I heard her say. Then she walked back to the house and I heard nothing more. But, moving shortly afterwards, I saw that the lamp was lighted in the room which I had been told was appropriated to old Mr. Tremaine's use. The shadow of a man fell for a moment across the blind—was it that of the man whom I had heard in the garden? I had been told that Mr. Tremaine was an invalid and never out of his bed.

I had accidentally stumbled across a mystery, and I must say that I felt considerably troubled by my discovery. What did it all mean?

Why should Grace Vandeleur be addressed as Annie? Why should a man walk in the garden with Mrs. Vandeleur, and speak as if he were in the habit of coming out at this hour every evening? It was almost dark when I seated myself upon the bench; it was quite dark before he went indoors. I remembered hearing something about Mrs. Vandeleur's extraordinary indulgence towards her servants—how she let them go for a walk every evening after dinner when it was fine. Did she do that because she wanted to get them out of the house? I felt very uncomfortable; and the worst of it was I did not know what to do. I did not like to consult any one on the subject, as all that I knew I had learnt by accident.

Mrs. Vandeleur and her daughter called on me before I had made up my mind. They came for a smelling-bottle that Grace had dropped, and to assure me of Grace's complete recovery. It was three days after my party. I looked keenly at Grace, but could see nothing in her countenance to excite remark. She was pale, gentle, quiet as usual—with a smile in her large, clear eyes.

I don't know why I said it, but I asked her suddenly if she would write her name in my birthday-book. She consented quite willingly. "Grace Vandeleur," she wrote. Her birthday was the sixth of June.

"Grace Vandeleur! Such a pretty name," I said. "But have you not another name—something beside Grace?"

I did ask it rather maliciously, I confess; but I had not meant to embarrass her so much as evidently I did. She turned scarlet and then white, and sat silent as a stone, while her mother with restless eyes and working features nervously interposed.

"Oh yes, she has a second name, but we don't use it. At least she does not like it written. It is not a pretty name you see—Annie—it is a name quite out of date. But I call her by it now and then, just to tease her; you may have heard me use it now and then."

How hungry the woman's eyes looked!

"I thought I had heard it," I said coldly. I did not like the subterfuge, I did not like the woman. She had not called her daughter "Annie" simply in order to tease her on the Friday night; she had called her so quite naturally, in the way one speaks to a relation or a familiar friend by an ordinary name. I distrusted Mrs. Vandeleur, and I distrusted Grace; but I liked the girl better than her mother.

They left me shortly afterwards, and an hour later I had a call from Mr. Charteris. He seemed vexed and ill at ease. Before long he disburthened himself of what was upon his mind. "I want to speak to you in confidence, Mrs. Daintrey," he said. "I have had a very mysterious communication from London. A letter—from a person whose name I am not at liberty to mention—a person in very high position—asking whether my suspicions have been excited about any

new residents in our parish—whether any man has been seen or heard of who cannot give a good account of himself and so on. Now what on earth can they possibly mean?"

"There is no new resident in our parish except the Vandeleurs, is there?" said I, after a moment's pause. "And they are women."

"There is one man—Mr. Tremaine, whom I have never seen," said the rector.

"Indeed! I thought you always saw him when you called?"

"No. I have been told that he was too ill to see anyone. But he does not have the doctor either. Still, of course *he's* all right. Eminently respectable people, I was told. Had I better mention him in my reply?"

It was rather a difficult question for me to answer. I wondered whether I ought to tell the good rector what I had seen and heard. I think I temporised with my conscience.

"If you are perfectly satisfied, there is surely no reason to put doubts into other people's minds," I said. "You might say that your only new parishioners consisted of a widow lady, her father and her daughter—all of whom were well known to you, and concerning whom no questions were permissible."

The rector went away delighted with the expression, and I was left to doubt whether I had done right or wrong. But I heard no more about the Vandeleurs until the following evening. It was a Tuesday evening, and the day had been unusually gloomy. A slight rain was falling, and although the month was July I had had a fire lighted in the drawing-room, for it seemed to me excessively chilly. I had dined, and was just thinking of lighting the lamps when, to my great surprise, I heard a tap at the drawing-room window. For a moment I was desperately startled, and scarcely less so when I recognized the person who had knocked. For it was Jack Elliott.

I opened the window, which was made like a door, and he stepped in. There was a strange glow of feeling in his commonplace face; a look of eager resolution which made it interesting. I felt instinctively that something was wrong.

"Jack!" I exclaimed, "why have you come this way?"

He laid his fingers upon his lips. "Please speak low," he said. "I came this way because I did not want anybody to see me. I opened the little gate between your garden and—and—theirs. I've come to ask you to help them and me."

"Do you mean the Vandeleurs?" I asked, recoiling.

"Yes—poor souls. They're in bitter trouble. So am I, for the matter of that."

"Jack, if it has anything to do with that girl—if you have got yourself into a scrape with her, I shall go and tell your father immediately," I cried, with rather unnecessary eagerness.

He laughed an odd little laugh; there was something more bitter in it than I should have expected to hear from Jack Elliott's honest lips.

"You are quite wrong. I have got myself into a scrape with nobody, Mrs. Daintrey. And that girl, as you call her—she won't have anything to do with me. But that's not the question. You are a good, kind woman; will you help those that are in trouble, or will you not?"

"I must know what the trouble is, Jack, before I can answer!"

"I suppose you must. At least you can promise me to keep it secret—even if you won't help us. For God's sake, promise that."

I hesitated. I looked in his honest, troubled face, and then I promised.

"I will keep the secret, Jack, whatever it is, but I do not promise to help you in any other way."

"It is just this," said he, hurriedly. "Mr. Tremaine—well, he isn't Mr. Tremaine, at all; he's some one else and he's got into trouble. The police are after him; he has word from a friend in London that he is to be arrested immediately. They've got a man at the door of the Villa now, and the man with the search-warrant may arrive at any moment. If you will help us, we could get him away. There isn't a minute to lose."

"But how—how? And why should I help to get him away? If he is a criminal—" I said, but I could not finish my sentence.

"He's a criminal, God knows!" said Jack, hoarsely. "It's for Grace's sake I ask it. I love her—you know I do, with all my heart and soul. She'll be heartbroken if he is taken—and the mother, too. We could get him out through the garden, into your house, and then quietly away by your front door. Nobody would think anything of a gentleman seen coming out of your house. I should get my father's

trap and drive him by short cuts to Timberley Junction. He would get the train there for Dover, and cross to-morrow morning before they knew how he had got away. Mrs. Vandeleur would go to London so as to throw them off the scent."

"But Jack—Jack—who is he? What has he done?"

"Don't you remember the fuss there has been in the papers about the fraudulent director, Styles? Tremaine is Styles—that is all. These women have concealed his whereabouts for the last two months—you won't let them lose the result of their courage now! They love him—think of that! Won't you help us?"

I hesitated still. Then Jack strode back to the window, opened it again, and drew in another suppliant—a girl in a long black cloak. It was Grace Vandeleur.

She sank almost to the ground before me—her hands locked together, her eyes swimming in tears.

"Won't you help us?" she sobbed. It was the passionate, despairing voice that I had heard in the garden on Friday night. "I know we have all done very wrong; but it was for his sake! He is so dear to us—and we would give our lives for him. Dear Mrs. Daintrey, won't you be kind and help us?"

It was weak of me, no doubt; but it did not seem to me at the moment as if justice would in any way be really satisfied by the surrender of one man to penal servitude. And I was not the woman to give a man up—even a criminal, such as I new Gerald Styles to be.

"Come in, my dear," I said. "You are quite wet. Yes, Jack, do what you like. Where shall I put him, if he comes? We may be interrupted here."

"Is there no place where he won't be seen for half-an-hour or so?"

"Well, yes; there is the little study opening out of this room. Fetch him as quickly as you can."

"I will leave her to thank you," said Jack, almost roughly, and vanished through the open window without another word.

"Oh, how good you are! I shall love you forever," said the girl, in a sort of passion of gratitude. She rose to her feet and stood looking out into the night in silence. "They are coming," she said at last. "I hear their steps. May I ask you to forgive me?"

Her voice was so entreating and pathetic that my heart softened a little towards her.

"My dear Miss Vandeleur—"

"Oh, don't call me that," she entreated. "My name is—Annie, you know. Annie Styles. It has all been deceit and wrong-doing from beginning to end. That is why I have been so unhappy. If only it were over now!" and she drew a long, miserable sigh.

But there was no time to say more, for Jack Elliott entered, and with Jack Vandeleur came an old man with grey hair, grey beard, and very bright and piercing grey eyes. He was muffled up in an ulster, with a handkerchief round his neck and a soft felt hat crushed down upon his brows. In one hand he held a black bag, and in another a bundle of wraps. In fact, he was an ideal traveller—the sort of man that would never attract notice on a quay or at a railway station, although a little noticeable in the quiet streets of Underwood. He bowed to me politely as he came in.

"Will you show us the room?" Jack said. And without speaking I led the way to the little study, which was now wrapt in darkness. Here I closed the shutters and lit a lamp, but all without a word. I was too much perplexed to speak. Jack did the talking for us.

"I'm going to fetch the trap now," he said. "I won't bring it quite to your door, Mrs. Daintrey. A few steps further down—and you will come out to it as soon as you hear it stop," he said to the visitor. "You will be on the watch, of course. This window looks on the street."

"Certainly," said Mr. Styles. "And I'm much obliged to you, my dear fellow." The familiarity made me shudder, and I am sure it was not more pleasing to Jack than it was to me. The man's voice was smooth and musical—it was the voice I had heard in the garden on Friday night. Jack hurried away, and I was left with my two strange guests. Grace stole up to the man's side, caught him by the arm, and laid her face upon his shoulder. She was shaking from head to foot.

"She is a little overcome," said Mr. Styles, with an agreeable smile. "I am very sorry to bring all this trouble upon you, madam. I can only say that the bravery of these two women—the dearest upon earth to me—has been simply heroic. But for my wife's devotion I am perfectly certain

that I should be at the present moment in Holloway or Dartmoor."

"Your wife?" I echoed in some amaze. "But—excuse the question—I thought you were the father—"

"Oh, that was part of the plot," said Mr. Styles, still in a light and cheerful tone. "My dear madam, you don't suppose I am quite so old as I look? I cannot deny myself the pleasure of revealing my identity—for one moment only. Excuse me, Annie, darling." And gently disengaging himself from the girl's grasp, he removed his hat, and lifted for one moment the mass of grey hair with which his head and face were encumbered. I gazed in astonishment. For that one moment I saw a man of forty, with chestnut brown hair, a ruddy and genial countenance, a composed and smiling mouth. Then he re-assumed his wig and beard; and the transformation was complete. I never saw a more perfect disguise.

I brought wine and food for him; I could do no less; but I did not say another word. I watched in silence for Dr. Elliott's dog-cart, and I noticed that when my back was turned Grace—or Annie, as I should rather call her—lavished caresses upon him, and talked in whispers to him now and then.

The dog-cart came at length. "You had better not keep Mr. Elliott waiting," I said.

"No, I feel that I have trespassed on your hospitality long enough," said Mr. Styles, courteously. "I see that you do not wish to accept thanks from me, madam, and yet in my wife's name and my own, I thank you. Come Annie."

She followed him to the door, then turned and faced me once again. "I am going, too," she said, softly. "Jack will explain afterwards. Will you forgive me before I go?"

I kissed her—it was all that I could do. Her desolate eyes spoke of a grief which no word of consolation could assuage.

I watched them get into the dog-cart. If Jack were surprised at her presence, he did not seem to object to it. They drove off into the darkness of the long, unlighted country road, and I was left alone, to repent my good deeds at leisure.

Of course there was a hue and cry next day. The house was found empty. Mrs. Vandeleur had gone up to London the night before. Mr. Tremaine and Miss Vandeleur were nowhere to be seen. Little by little, portions of the truth leaked out, but only I and Jack Elliott knew the whole.

The poor boy was sadly changed when I saw him again. He looked five years more than his age. He came to tell me one day that he had had a line from "Mrs. Vandeleur" to say that Gerald Styles and Annie were safe at a Spanish watering-place, and that she was still in London. She had paid the rector and the village tradesmen all that was due, but was not inclined to return at present to the Villa.

"Return! I should think not," I said, indignantly. "What a set of deceivers!"

"They were very clever," said Jack, wearily. "He was well-known, and would have been arrested immediately if they had not changed their identity at once and so completely. They had been ready to do so for some time—the plot had been elaborated for a number of months."

"And why did Grace—Annie—whatever her name is, go away with her father so suddenly?" I asked.

Jack looked at me meditatively. "Her father?"

"Yes—Gerald Styles; wasn't he her father? I thought he spoke of Mrs. Vandeleur as his wife."

"You have got a little mixed over the relationships," said Jack. "We all did, of course. She did not mean at first to go away; but almost at the last moment she declared that she would not be parted from him. It made his escape more difficult, because she was known to the police as well as he; but they—they were very much attached to one another. Mrs. Vandeleur, as we called her, was the mother of Gerald Styles. But Annie—Grace, as I call her, for she was always Grace to me—Grace was his wife."

[THE END]

Confederate Prisoners at the North.

One of the Northern illustrated papers published a picture of one of the Belle Isle prisoners which certainly showed an extreme state of emaciation. Some of the mess suggested that I compete with him, kindly offering to back the Confederate entry. I think they would have won their bets; for, though regretting that I must acknowledge the fact, I am confident that I was the worse-looking specimen of the two. I had entered the prison weighing over 140 pounds, and then weighed less than 100. To a demonstrator of anatomy I would have been invaluable as a living

osteological text-book. The prolonged confinement had told severely on us, and the men could not but yield to its depraving influence. There was little to vary the dreary monotony that made each day the repetition of the day before and the type of the day to follow. This alone would have been sufficient, but when scant food and cold were thrown into the scale it is little wonder that both mind and body should yield under the constant strain. Many of us were far into the second winter of our confinement, and with all hope of release gone we had nothing left—only to wait for the end, whatever that end might be; and it was weary waiting. It was generally known among us that some mitigation of our condition would be afforded such as took the oath of allegiance, and as this meant increased food and better clothing some few availed themselves of the offer. But one case came under my notice—that of a member of the mess; he, I presume, could not help it, as it was with him simply a question of endurance, and he gave up. It was said of him that he froze up early in the first November, and did not thaw out until the following June. The prospect of a repetition was too much for him. —From "Plain Living at Johnson's Island," in *March Century*.

Easter.

Once more the swift revolving wheels of time bring to us the blessed season of Easter-tide,—a season fraught with clear sunshine and rejoicing, after the vigil of forty days which ended in the sadness and gloom of Good Friday. Centuries have passed since first that mighty shout of triumph broke upon the stillness of the heavens, as the angelic host poured forth a melody of song in praise of their risen Lord. Echoing and re-echoing through the regions of the Blessed, it reached to the gates of Hades, and smote with nameless horror him who had vainly tried to seal the bonds of death.

How our thoughts turn at this season to that first Easter Sunday upon earth. Ages have passed since, but still the memory of that little band of Christians, mourning the loss of their Master, rises clear to the mind, and again we see the three Marys hastening to the place wherein they have laid their Master.

Night is slowly fading, and the first pale streaks of dawn appear in the East, and dimly, as through a mist, we see Jerusalem. That glorious city is still wrapt in slumber as silently gliding along the deserted streets three women take their way, carrying with them rich stores of precious unguents and spices. How wearily they walk, as though all gladness of life had gone from them. The light in the East grows brighter, and out of the dimness those thin faces appear before us; but, oh, what unutterable sadness is written there; it is the look that tells of the soul's longing for the face of one who has forever departed. Leaving the city behind they reach the open country; how calm and peaceful everything is, and as the sun rises in the heavens the scene becomes grandly beautiful, but sorrow fills their hearts too deeply to leave room for aught else. The one thought engrosses their minds to the exclusion of all others. Their Master, is He not dead, and are they not on their way to perform the last sad rites? Suddenly the clear note of a bird sounds upon the stillness of the morn. It rouses the three, and with an involuntary sigh they start from their sad reverie and look into each other's eyes as the same thought strikes them. Ah, they had forgotten the heavy stone at the door of the sepulchre. Who, said they, "shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre, for it is very great." Scarce had the question framed itself into words when, looking up, for they had drawn nigh to the place, behold, the stone was already rolled away. For while that mighty shout was ringing through the heavens there had shot through space a meteor like flash, and before the terrified eyes of the Roman guard there appeared the angel of the Lord, who came and rolled away the stone from the door and sat upon it. His countenance was like lightning and His raiment white as snow, and for fear of Him the guard did shake and become as dead men, and forth from the sepulchre came Our Lord. He who but a short while ago had suffered that awful death on the hill of Calvary now came forth triumphant over death and His cruel enemies. O, stupendous miracle! Oh, mighty witness to the power of Him who rules the universe! There Thou standest at the door of the tomb, calm and majestic, a living proof of Thy mighty power over the principalities of darkness, which cannot be

shaken; nay, not even by the combined force of sceptic and the evil one. Softly stealing through the centuries, we hear the words, "I will ransom thee from the power of the grave; I will redeem them from death. O death! I will be thy plague; O grave, I will be thy destruction!"

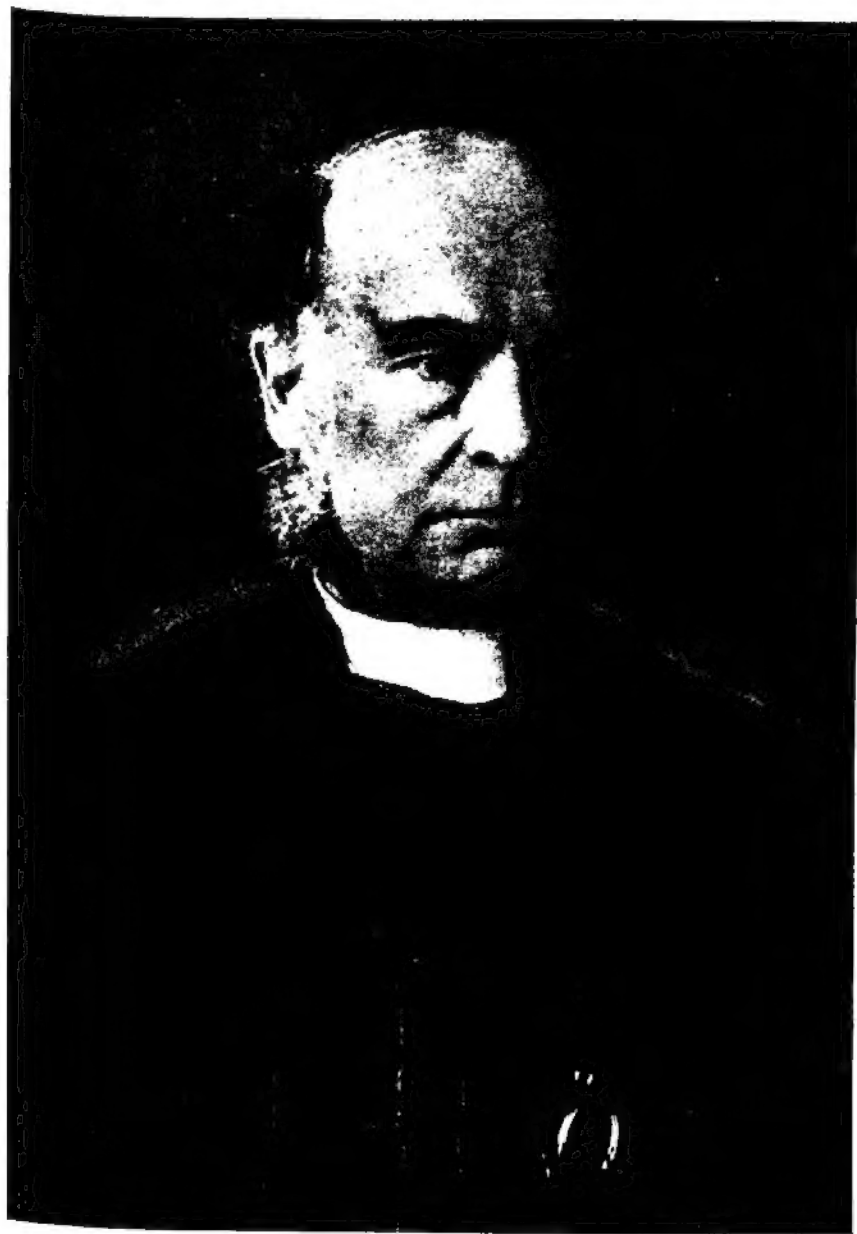
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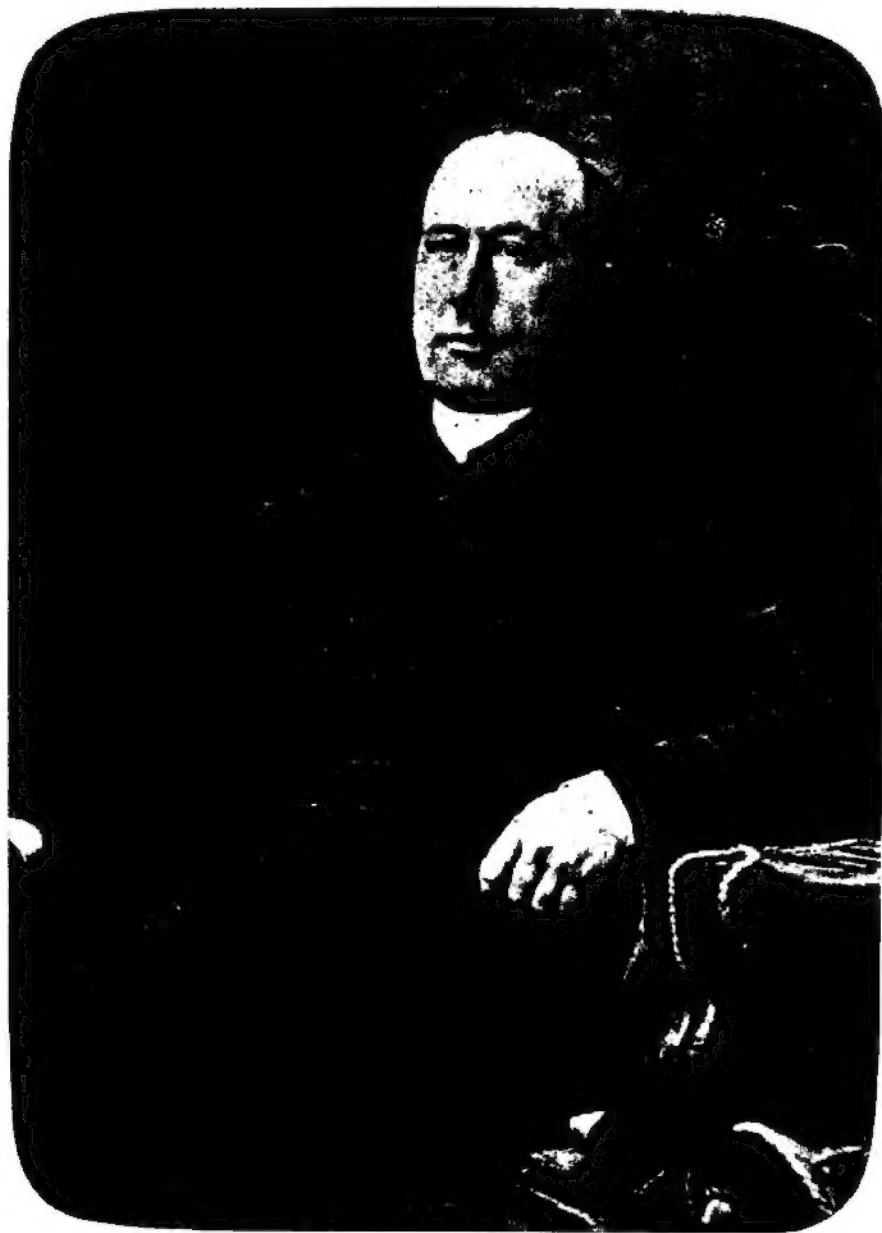
VIEWS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.—On another page will be found a series of four handsome views taken near the flourishing town called Ontario, in Southern California, in the midst of the orange groves. The view of Euclid Avenue gives a fine representation of what is justly the pride of Southern California and one of the most beautiful carriage drives to be found on the continent. It runs north from the town to the mountains, a distance of seven miles. Its width is 200 feet. There is a double drive and an electric railway runs along the centre. There are four rows of stately trees running the entire length. The second view of the avenue is of a portion of it four miles from the town and about two miles from the mountain. The trees here shown are only four years old. In the distance is seen "Old Baldy," the highest peak of the mountains. It rises to a height of 10,000 feet. The other two views show orange groves, the property of A. Oakley, Esq., one mile from the town. The one shows a ten acre block, west of the avenue. The other, photographed in December, shows the process of picking and packing the fruit for market. These pleasing pictures will have a special charm for eastern eyes.

THE LATE REV. K. L. JONES.—The death of Rev. K. L. Jones, rector of Barriefield, Ont., and professor of English literature at Kingston Royal Military College, which occurred during the first week of the present month, removed, while yet in his prime, a man who had already won a high reputation, and whose future seemed singularly bright with promise. For two years the disease which caused his death had been doing its fatal work. Early last year he went to Poland Springs, in the hope that the change would prove beneficial, but in vain. The deceased gentleman was a native of Brockville, Ont. He graduated at Trinity College, Toronto, and received the degrees of B.A. in 1865, M.A. in 1877 and B.D. in 1881. He was ordained deacon in 1866, priest in 1867, and was made rector of Barriefield, in the diocese of Ontario, in 1884. In the same year he was appointed professor of English in the Royal Military College, Kingston. Before removing to Kingston he was curate of Kemptville in 1866-67, of Madoc in 1867-68, and rector of Elizabethtown in 1868-72. He got leave of absence in 1872 and went to England, where he became curate to Bishop Kestelle Cornish, now Bishop of Madagascar. In 1874 he became incumbent of Mountain for 1874-5, and of Edwardsburg, with Mountain, from 1875 to 1878. In 1878-84 he was rector of Arnprior. Rev. Mr. Jones was an indefatigable worker, and the fruits of his labours as a parish priest are pointed to with pride in the various fields he occupied. A brilliant scholar, he was also an able writer, and his contributions to Canadian and continental journals were invariably read with interest. Many thoughtful articles from his pen appeared in the columns of *The Week*. The *Canadian Missionary*, his own private enterprise, and edited by himself, was devoted to the discussion of domestic and foreign mission work, and had many appreciative readers. He was held in the highest esteem by the clergymen of the diocese of Ontario, and was for many years chairman of the committee appointed to consider the division of the diocese. His early death is sincerely mourned by a very wide circle of friends. Rev. Mr. Jones was married to the eldest daughter of Dr. O. S. Strange, of Kingston, who, with three children, survives him. His remains were interred at Brockville, his native town. In his death, the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED has lost a valued and frequent contributor, some of the most charming poems that have appeared in our columns having come from his pen. What was probably his last composition was written for us, and received but a day or two before his exchange of mortality for life eternal.

THE NEW ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.—The Right Rev. William Connor Magee, D.D., Bishop of Peterborough, who was lately elevated to the Primacy of England, suc-



THE LORD ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.



THE LATE REV. K. L. JONES, Kingston.

ceeding the late Most Rev. William Thomson, D.D., as Archbishop of York, has long been one of the foremost figures among the prelates of the Church of England. As an orator, as a controversialist, as a zealous defender of the church and uncompromising foe of Rationalism, he had long since won distinction. "No such eloquent bishop," says one writer, "not even excepting Samuel Wilberforce, has been known to England within living memory." In private life he is described as a genial and witty Irishman, of great personal popularity. He was born at Cork in 1821, the son of a clergyman, and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, gaining a scholarship and subsequent University degrees, prizes and honours. Having taken orders, he held a curacy in Dublin, but ill health obliged him to retire for two years to the South of Spain. On his return to England he became curate, and incumbent afterwards, of St. Saviour's Church, Bath, and next of the Octagon Chapel in that city. His published sermons and lectures at this time attracted wide attention. The honorary rank of Prebendary of the Cathedrals of Bath and Wells was conferred on him, and in 1860 he left Bath for London, succeeding Dean Goulburn as minister of Emskillen by the University of Dublin. In 1864 he became Dean of Cork and Dean of the Chapel Royal, Dublin. He was Donnellan Lecturer to his University in 1865 and 1866, an appointment similar to the Brampton Lectureship at Oxford. While in London he was occasionally Select Preacher at St. Paul's, at Westminster and at the Chapel Royal, and also preached before the Queen at Windsor. In 1868 he was made Bishop of Peterborough. Among his later deliverances which attracted widespread interest were his sermons at the Norwich meeting of the British Association of Science (1888) on "The Christian Theory of the Origin of the Christian Life."

SPENCER WOOD AND GRANGE.—Of the many delightful retreats in the vicinity of Quebec, none equal that known as Spencer Wood. The original property comprised Spencer Grange as well as what might be termed Spencer Wood proper; but in 1849 it was divided, the then owner, Mr. Henry Atkinson, selling the latter property to the Government for a Vice-regal residence. It (Spencer Wood) dated back to the later years of the last

century, and was originally known as Powell Place, being owned by General Powell. The building was large and stately, and well furnished, comprising also an exceptionally fine collection of paintings, a valuable library and many objects of rarity; the grounds were large and kept in the most beautiful and picturesque manner. From 1849 to 1860 it was occupied by the successive Governors, Lord Elgin and Sir Edmund Walker Head; during the régime of the latter, on the night of the 12th of March, 1860, the building was burned to the ground. The present structure was erected by the Government in 1861. As is too common in such cases, the amount voted was far from sufficient for the erection of a really suitable residence for the Queen's representative. It is an oblong, about 200 feet long by 50 wide, and severely free from ornament. The grounds, though much curtailed of their former size and splendour, retain much of their picturesque beauty, and are kept in excellent order. As the permanent official residence of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, Spencer Wood is the scene of many gatherings at ball, luncheon and dinner of the leaders of society and politics in Quebec, and an object of much interest to all visitors to that romantic and picturesque city.

SPENCER GRANGE.—This piece of property was retained by Mr. Atkinson when he sold Spencer Wood to the government, and was occupied by that gentleman as his private residence until 1860 when it passed into the hands of one of our foremost *litterateurs*, Mr. J. M. Lemoine, the author of so many valuable books and pamphlets on Canadian history and ornithology. The estate covers some forty acres and the garden and grounds are laid out in a thoroughly English style. The house is unpretending but comfortable, while its surroundings have every charm that landscape and picturesque beauty can give. Here the historian of Quebec lives and works. The following lines, extolling the beauties of Spencer Wood when that name covered both properties, were written by Adam Kidd, one of our early poets, and give one a happy idea of the charms of the domain:—

SPENCER WOOD.

Through thy green groves and deep receding bowers,
Loved Spencer Wood I how often have I strayed,

Or mused away the calm unbroken hours,
Beneath some broad oak's cool, refreshing shade.
And blest were those who found a happy home
In thy loved shades, without one throb of care—
No murmurs heard, save from the distant foam
That rolled in columns o'er the great Chaudière.

NOTE.—For the views of Spencer Wood and Grange we are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. G. R. Lighthall, N.P., Montreal.

CROSSING THE RICHELIEU.—Our engraving shows the quaint, old-fashioned method still used by the *habitants* when crossing the Richelieu at Sorel. That river is comparatively narrow at its mouth, so that the slow speed consequent on the use of these wide, flat-bottomed scows is no great deterrent, the time spent in any case being but short. The use of such means in the present day, shows with what tenacity the country people of that district cling to the fashions and customs of their forefathers.

THE GARRISON CHAPEL, HALIFAX.—One of the most interesting sights in Halifax is that of the Garrison Chapel on a bright Sunday morning. The majority of the soldiers in garrison attend service in this church, and march in from their several barracks headed by their bands playing stirring airs; after service the troops are formed up outside and marched off. Our engraving shows the Chapel just after morning service. The building is a very plain one, built of wood, and situated at the corner of Brunswick and Cogswell-streets.

The Late Mr. L'Espérance.

The recent death of Mr. L'Espérance has left his widow and children entirely destitute, and a subscription list has been opened in their behalf. As he was the first editor of this paper, and has been always intimately connected with illustrated journalism in Canada, we make a special appeal to our readers for generous subscriptions to this fund. These may be sent to

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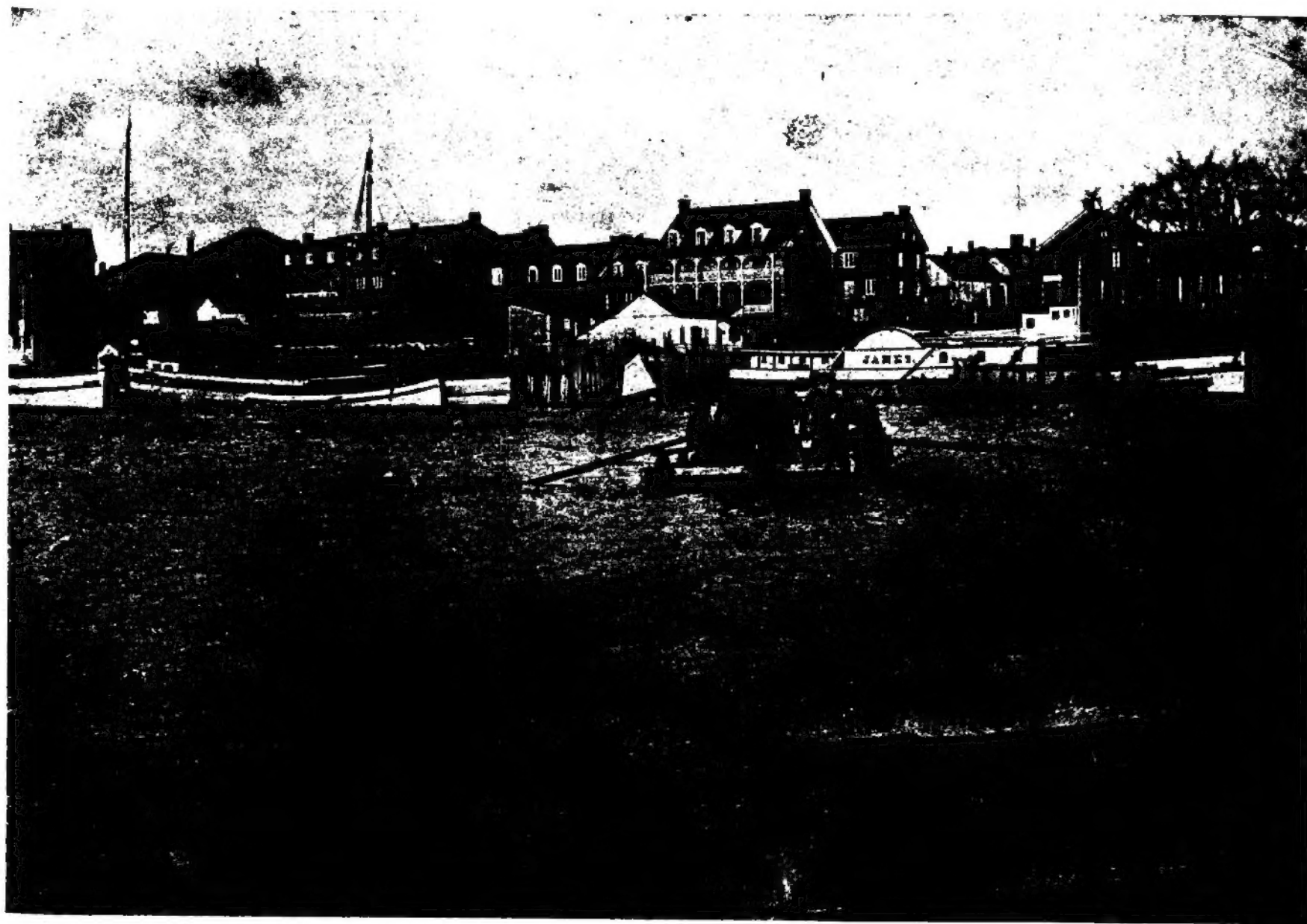
EUCLID AVENUE.



MR. A. OAKLEY'S ORANGE GROVE.



VIEWS IN ONTARIO, SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.



FERRYING PASSENGERS ACROSS THE RICHELIEU AT SOREL, P.Q.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

LONDON, March 7, 1891.

The new anti-Parnellite Dublin daily paper is to come out on Monday. The *Freeman's Journal* used to be the great National paper, but when the crisis came they chose the Parnellite side and the Patriots decided at once to start a daily paper of their own under the title *The National Press*. Two of the London *Star* men are to occupy important posts on the new paper. Mr. H. W. Massingham, (the late editor of the *Star*, who threw up his post as he differed with the proprietors on a point of principle in labour matters and who is succeeded by Mr. Ernest Parke, his sub-editor,—whose name may be remembered in connection with a libel action brought against him by Lord Euston) is to be the London representative and correspondent, and Mr. William O'Malley, the late manager of the *Star*, (who is succeeded by Mr. George Brown, late manager of the *Echo*, the *Star's* Unionist rival), will be the business manager.

It is a strong caste which has been secured for the performance of Bronson Howard's popular American comedy, "The Henrietta," which is to be produced at the Avenue Theatre by Mr. E. H. Lee at the end of March. It includes Lewis Waller, Florence West, W. H. Vernon and Marion Lee—the young actress who made such a memorable success in the part of Andrey, when playing "As You Like It" with Mrs. Langtry at the St. James Theatre. Just now the Avenue programme is particularly weak. It is true that it is only a stop-gap, to be used until "The Henrietta" is ready. First comes an anonymous and amateurish drama entitled "Changes and Chances," which was so poor and weak as to be hissed off the stage. Then comes a burlesque of "Cleopatra," under the title "Middle Cleopatra," by Mr. W. Sapte and Mr. J. M. Glover. It is spoiled by Miss Floy Vita—an actress who is reported to have come from America, where she was a great favourite. For what qualities we wonder? She has no possible aptitude for bur-

lesque acting, she delivers her lines badly and even her dancing is not particularly clever. The play itself is good—it is an old-fashioned burlesque, and burlesques something, the libretto and the music being above the average in pieces of this class—but it is spoiled by Miss Floy Vita.

For some months past sensational rumours have been flying about as to the wonderful dramatic qualities of Mr. C. Haddon Chambers' (the author of "Captain Swift") "The Idler." Rumour said that it had been produced in New York and had been the success of the year. At last it has been produced in London—at the St. James Theatre, where Mr. George Alexander has removed from the Avenue, and where it follows that delightfully idyllic play, "Sunlight and Shadow." The story is a complicated one—much too complicated to tell; suffice it to say that it is a story in which the vengeance takes the chief part. The scene is laid in England, in London, and up to the beginning of the last act the audience, which, on the first night was a particularly representative and fashionable one, were deeply interested in the story, which held all for its freshness (despite some suggestions of the "School for Scandal," and even of "Captain Swift" itself), and for its originality and power. It is in the last act that—like Mr. Henry Arthur Jones in the "Dancing Girl"—Mr. Haddon Chambers fails, for the play and the characters seem to lose their life, and it requires a powerful struggle on the part of the actors to prevent the audience showing their dissatisfaction with an otherwise excellent play. The acting is marvellously finished and natural—Mr. George Alexander as Mark Cross has never appeared to such advantage. The part is a difficult one to play, for Mark Cross, without being the conventional villain, is nevertheless the evil genius of the play—wavering throughout between the good and bad sides of his character. Miss Marion Terry, too, once more makes a success with the part of Lady Harding, and Mr. Mason—an American actor, new to London—

amuses everyone with his comedy. The other characters were perfectly played by a large company, which it is impossible to mention in detail.

A prodigy is reported at Melbourne. In spite of having been born blind, a Miss Aston has just matriculated at the Melbourne University. She passed with flying honours in arithmetic, algebra, French and Latin. Of course special arrangements had to be made for her examination. A teacher from the blind school accompanied her and transcribed her answers, written in Braille type, into ordinary writing. Miss Aston is trying to earn a living, having, among her other accomplishments, that of being an excellent musician. Surely this wonderful example of genuine determination parallels that of Miss Fawcett at Cambridge last year.

The Ibsen boom still continues and bids fair to be a permanent dramatic influence over here. *Rosmersholm* (the most human and orthodox of Ibsen's plays) was produced last week at the Vaudeville Theatre with pronounced success. Miss Florence Farr (who made such a success in Professor John Todhunter's "Sicilian Idyll" when it was produced by amateurs last year) essayed very successfully the ungrateful character of Rebecca West, while Mr. F. R. Benson (the young Shakespearian actor and manager) was the Pastor Rosner and Miss Protheroe was the old servant, Helspeth. On dit that a large number of converts were won over to the Ibsen faith on this occasion. Even Mr. Scott wavered in his morning's criticism in the *Daily Telegraph*.

The announcement that Sir Charles Dilke intends—in spite of his pledged word—to stand for the constituency of the Forest of Dean at the next general election, has raised a howl of indignation from English churchmen and nonconformists alike. Mr. W. T. Stead—always to the front in matters of morality—has just written a long pamphlet against Sir Charles, going over the evidence and showing what an impossibility it will be for him to occupy any position of public trust in Christian England. I have been favoured with a sight of the advance proofs, and certainly it is a pamphlet which Sir Charles Dilke will find it difficult to answer.

GRANT RICHARDS.

His Indenture Witnesseth That for
 and in consideration of the sum of fifteen pounds
 New Brunswick currency to me paid me I do hereby
 Bargain sell and Deliver unto John
 A negro boy named Jesse to be his property and his
 Heir and Successor during the life of the said Negro
 the receipt of which money from the said John Harding
 I do hereby acknowledge and I the said George Harding
 do also warrant the said property against all claims
 what soever in witness whereof I have hereunto set
 my hand and seal at Mungerville this Eight day of July
 in the year our Lord one thousand seven hundred and
 Ninety seven
 George Harding

Witness my hand and seal
 the tenth day of February 1802
 Personally Came before me the above
 named Jesse Harding and acknowledged
 the above Indenture to be his own and I did
 and Thos. J. Deland the Clerk of the Court
 above named did witness the same and I did
 the said Jesse Harding did seal the said Indenture

DEED OF SALE OF A SLAVE IN NEW BRUNSWICK, 1797.

HISTORIC CANADA, XII.



XII.

Slavery in New Brunswick.

New Brunswick occupies a high place in the list of the colonies which early abandoned the inhuman system of slavery, as, early in the present century, the practice had, to all intents and purposes, become a dead letter. The engraving we to-day present in our historic series is a facsimile of the indenture of the sale of a slave, when the infamous system was nearing its end; the only later one quoted by Mr. Lawrence is that of the sale of a negro man and woman from Munson Jarvis to Abraham De Peyster, one of the original grantees of Port Town, or St. John. This indenture was dated the 15th of July, 1797, only one week later than that shown opposite. Three years later the question as to the legal right of slave-holding was tested at the assizes in Fredericton, before a full Bench, consisting of their Lordships Ludlow, (Chief-Justice); Saunders, Allen and Upham (Judges). For the master of the slaves, five barristers appeared as counsel;—for the slaves, two; all men of high standing in the province, and noted for their social position as well as for legal acumen. At the conclusion of the trial the opinion of the Bench was divided, the Chief-Justice and Judge Upham supporting the claimant, while Judges Saunders and Allen pronounced in favour of the slave. No judgment was therefore rendered; but public opinion in condemnation of the buying and selling of human flesh was strong and the custom fell into disuse. Advertisements of negroes for sale occasionally still appeared in the newspapers, but within a few years slavery in New Brunswick had ceased to exist.

It is worthy of note that while slavery was dead throughout all the British Provinces of North America within twenty-five years after the Loyalist settlement, it existed in the United States for over half a century longer, and then was wiped out only after a long and bloody war. And yet some men prate of the "liberty" held by the inhabitants of that Republic as contrasted with the freedom enjoyed by the subjects of Great Britain.



TORONTO, March, 1891.

A quartet of items from the *Canton (Ill.) Republican* of the 5th inst. are amusing, and may be instructive, in view of late electioneering speeches:

"A great battle of ballots is in progress in Canada to-day, and the advocates of reciprocity expect to win. So mote it be."

"Uncle Sam is becoming reckless and extravagant. He ran in debt the past month to the amount of nearly three millions of dollars—\$2,994,754 to be exact."

"It is in order, now that the refunding of the direct tax bill has become a law, to refund money paid in taxes on patent and proprietary medicines, bank cheques, notes, etc., during and after the civil war."

"Congress is adjourned and the country breathes free. The senate put in its last moments hurriedly shovelling the money out of the treasury, paying New York and some other states \$2,500,000 for money advanced during the war of 1812; allowing the French spoliation claims, which have been kicked out of every congress for the past forty years; paying a lot of Southern people for property alleged to have been confiscated during the late war, and a lot of similar steals. The surplus piled in the treasury by a lot of useless taxation has set a lot of precedents that

will some day cause lots of trouble and call on the heads of our statesmen the wrath of future generations."

Seen in the light of the above statements, which are indubitably and of necessity, facts, annexation must look worse than ever to Canadians. Fancy us paying our invaders' war expenses in 1812; the fine irony of it! Would not the world say to us "And serve you jolly well right!"—a rough English expression that refuses to be paraphrased elegantly.

I beg to acknowledge very gratefully the trouble "R., Montreal, has taken in informing readers of the *Toronto Letter* who the "Besnard" was whose name was quoted in the "opening address, spoken at the Lyceum Theatre in 1847." I may quote the lines again in which the name whose personality I asked for appears:

"I hear *Besnard's* impatient—I am certain
That's his brogue swearing at me through the curtain."

"And if to some of us some errors fall,
Wait for *Besnard*—he'll make amends for all."

It is evident that *Besnard* was a favourite among his friends, and deserves well of us in Toronto for his excellent work on behalf of a muse whom we worship with some devotion, thanks to the pioneer work of such gentlemen and amateur performers as delighted those early audiences.

Mrs. Charlotte Morrison, who still resides quietly in Toronto, may have heard of Mr. *Besnard*, if she has not even assisted him with her girlish beauty and vivacity and the gifts to which Toronto owes so much.

The Royal Canadian Academy have made a new departure in the matter of their exhibitions by giving promenade concerts on two evenings of the week. The concerts—by Faedus's orchestra—are quite up to the average, but it is an open question whether it is well to mingle two distinct phases of art—whether either receives the attention due to it, is not in fact placed in antagonism to the other. The sole object of an exhibition of paintings is to have the paintings seen and appreciated by the public; if meretricious methods be resorted to in order to attract popular attention it is a distinct lowering of the dignity of the art that employs them, and cannot fail to injure its status in the public mind.

"School-children's day" is another departure from ordinary practice. "Ladies' college day" is also another change. Boy's colleges—or must we say *gentlemen's* colleges—do not appear to need special provision. The whole thing savours very much of the grotesque—that grotesque that Dickens used to handle without gloves.

At the Grand Opera House Miss Agnes Huntington and her company give "Paul Jones" on the first three days of the week, and the DeWolf Hopper Opera Bouffe Co. have "The Lady or the Tiger" and "Castles in the Air" on the three following days. "Little Puck," at the Academy of Music, has drawn well, and the Aronson Comic Opera Co. comes with "Poor Jonathan" next week.

The Hild-Park concert at Association Hall on Tuesday promises much. Miss Park is a cornetist of high reputation.

"Summer is y-comen in"—*sometime*—and therefore 'Island' residences are being built, furnished, furnished and rented already. The great improvements that the city has been making for the last year or two in its island property, while not following the course urged very cogently by Mr. War-Correspondent Russell when he was here in consequence of the Trent affair, which was to convert the island into a fortified line of defence for the city, has changed the aspect of the little spit of sand wonderfully. The Island Park is a pretty resort; Hanlan's—the site of the handsome hotel kept by the oarsman at the western end, is a favourite place for canoeists, who nightly crowd up to the wharf to hear the excellent band that plays in front of the hotel every evening, and there is talk of a street railway to run thence all round the south shore, thus giving people who cannot do the two miles of shifting sand or hot plank sidewalks a chance to peep at the Lake-side Convalescent Home of the Hospital for Sick Children, which, thanks to the generosity of John Ross Robertson, an old friend of the charity, is about to be enlarged and more thoroughly fitted up for its summer use of a country home for the little sufferers who fill the cots at the hospital during the winter. It is a source of great satisfaction

to citizens that no intoxicating liquors are allowed to be put on sale at the island or on the ferry-boats. Much unpleasantness and some danger is thereby prevented.

The Students' Association of the Woman's Medical College continues to hold successful meetings, the papers read and the discussions which follow being carefully prepared.

At the annual meeting the following officers were elected:—Hon. president, Dr. Augusta Stowe-Gullen; president, Miss E. K. Gray, vice-president, Miss Curzon, secretary, Miss Murray.

The cessation of 'Ephemerides' in the *Montreal Gazette* was, to those who knew the cause, like the ominous black line that marks a public bereavement; and now that the bereavement has come in real earnest there are those who ask with tear-dimmed eyes for some memorial of the departed. So dear had the name of John L'Esperance become to lovers of Canadian literature that it is hard to believe his warm heart, delicate hand and rich imagination shall never again add their brilliancy and elegance to Canadian letters.

In words written by Pastor Felix, for another lovely soul departed, we cry out of the gloom of shadowed hearts:

Rest thee,
Blest spirit!
Stilled on Death's river the turbulent foam:
Thou hast arrived at the permanent home;
Thou dost inherit
The house
Whose foundation
Securely is laid:
Thy scope
Is the cope—
The azure and infinite dome.
Rest thee,
Blest spirit!
Sadness and sorrow can never invade
The heart's habitation;
No mornings that wake
Shall have power to break
The trance whose glad rapture hath blest thee;
And the peace
Shall ne'er cease
That like a soft hand hath caressed thee;
And thy heart hath forgotten to ache."

There are many who would like to see reprints of Mr. L'Esperance's works. A larger constituency would greet them now than ever before. S. A. CURZON.

An Ottawa Gentleman's Play Produced at the Madison Square Theatre, New York.

On Monday night, March 16th, a Canadian had the honour of having a play presented at A. M. Palmer's Madison Square Theatre. The play in question was "Dinner at Eight," by Mr. J. A. Ritchie, an Ottawa gentleman, son of Sir William Ritchie, Chief Justice of Canada, and is a bright little comedietta. It was an absolute and complete success from the very beginning. The whole audience began to laugh contagiously in the very first minute, and continued to laugh heartily till the very end. The piece was admirably acted, pretty Miss Phillips taking the part of "Dorothy Dimple." The plot is slight, but the dialogue and business are particularly bright and good. "Ribstone Pippin," an eligible young bachelor, is asked to dinner on Friday, 11th, but goes on Thursday, thinking that to be the day. As he is sitting in the library, waiting for the dinner that never comes, he is surprised by Dorothy, Sir Jasper's daughter, and retreats behind a curtain. She has a headache and is unable to go out to dinner with the family, so has her dinner alone in the library. The famishing lover watches her in despair, but is rewarded by hearing her discuss who shall take her down to dinner on the next night. She concludes to be taken by him, because she likes him so much better than anybody else. She leaves the room for a minute, and he tries to escape while she is away; but she comes back as he is in the act, and then explanations ensue; and, strengthened by what he has heard, he proposes and is accepted. No précis of the play can convey a fair idea of it; for it depends so much on the humour of the dialogue and subtlety of situation. About the way the audience received it, there can be no two words. It was heartily cheered at the conclusion and applauded by hearty laughter all through. We congratulate Mr. Ritchie on having made such a brilliant *début* at a theatre like the Madison Square. It is quite the exception for a farce to be received as enthusiastically as this was.







You don't object to a cigar if I remember rightly.

THE WEDDING RING.

By ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Author of "THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD," "GOD AND THE MAN," "STORMY WATERS," ETC., ETC.

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"Thank you," said O'Mara sweetly, "and now, to business. I think with you that my wife will probably try to run away, and, as you euphemistically express it, take the kid with her. That must be stopped. It's my intention to stay in this delightful spot, for a time at least, and I want no avoidable scandal. You must watch the house, and have the pony and trap in readiness. If she goes, follow her, and wire me the earliest possible information."

"Why should I?" asked Stokes, who had been drawing pretty freely on the brandy bottle. "You're a disposin' of one pretty face you are. You leave me alone. I came to this place for peace and quietness, and I've had it, till you come to make mischief, as you always did. I'm a reformed character, I am. You go and ask about the village if I ain't a respectable man."

"There are one or two other communities, my Stokes," returned O'Mara, "where your record would not bear sifting so well. Do you remember a little affair at Oleoville, in '68 wasn't it? You are remembered there with quite a tender interest. Did you ever hear of the Extradition Act?"

"You're a virtuous character, you are, ain't you now?" said Stokes. "'Pon my soul, you're a cool hand, to take that sort of tone with me. Split on me, eh? We'd make a pretty pair side by side in the dark, my sweetie. You're as deep in the mud, as I am in the mire, if it comes to that."

"Precisely," said O'Mara, calmly. "Which helps to make our interests identical. My dear

Stokes, we are in the same boat, and as usual, I am at the helm, so it will take what course I choose. The work is exhausting, let me speak plainly."

"If you can," grunted Stokes.

"I can and will. Our danger and our interests are the same. You want to settle down as a moral and virtuous character in this delightful village. So do I, and we're going to help each other. That's the situation in a nut-shell."

"But what am I to get for it?" asked Stokes.

"I shall give you one hundred pounds for your original information, and a further sum to be settled between ourselves for such further services as you may perform. And now, waste no more time, go to the Court, and keep your eyes open. I'll go meanwhile to that dear old ass of a parson, and get him to muzzle Bream. He's the only real danger, because he's the only one of the crowd with a head on his shoulders."

CHAPTER XXI.—COUNSEL.

Gillian had borne herself bravely enough in the detested presence of her husband, but after O'Mara had left her she sank back, all lax and helpless, into the chair from which she had risen, and had to summon all her strength to ward off an hysterical attack.

The wreck of her hopes could not have been more appallingly complete; the past hour had seen her fall from the summit of happiness to a depth of misery more profound than she had known even in that dreadful time seven years ago in Westminster,

the deeper for the awful suddenness of the plunge. She could neither think nor rest, but sat staring blankly before her, her sensation a chaos, and her mind a whirl of purposeless trifles.

Suddenly a step sounded in her ear. She sprang up with a sudden heart pang, thinking O'Mara had tracked her to this retreat, and stood shrinking with repugnance till a shadow crossed her field of vision, and she beheld Mr. Bream.

There was such an atmosphere of strength and helpfulness about the man that he came to her troubled mind like sunshine and free air. She grasped his hand with an inarticulate cry of welcome.

"I know," he said, simply; "Sir George has told me what has happened. It was he who sent me here. Your husband has come to light again. He has claimed you."

"Tell me," she asked, "what shall I do? Is there any help for me? Any hope?"

"There are both if you will take them," he answered. "It is a slow business and an unpleasant one, but you, at least, have nothing to fear from the fullest publicity. You must divorce him." She shuddered as she leaned upon his arm. "I know, I know," he continued with a quick sympathy. "But think of Dora, think of Sir George! Will you shrink from a little pain when it is necessary for the future of your child, for the happiness of a good fellow who loves you? Let me give you his message, which he gave me scarcely an hour ago. 'Tell her,' he said, 'that whatever happens, if all is over between us, I absolve her from all blame, she is still the only woman in the world to me, and I am her faithful friend till death.'"

"God bless him!" said Gillian, with a sudden burst of tears, "God bless him!"

He let her weep in peace for a few minutes, glad that she had found her natural vent for the cruel emotions which tortured her. The crisis passed, and she was wiping away her tears when a step was heard on the gravel outside, and the portly figure

of Mr. Herbert darkened the sunlight pouring through the door.

"Pardon me, my dear madam," he said, entering hat in hand, "I must really speak to you."

"I know what you have to say, sir," said Gillian. "You come from the man who calls himself my husband."

"From the man who is your husband, yes. Suffer me to say—"

"I would rather hear nothing from you, Mr. Herbert."

"Perhaps," said Bream, "you had better leave Mr. Herbert and myself together. If he has any message you ought to hear I will convey it to you."

"Thank you," said Gillian; "you are a true friend."

She pressed his hand, and with a formal bend of her head to the vicar left the room, in spite of a remonstrant exclamation from him.

"Pray be seated, sir," said Bream, offering his superior a chair.

"I will not be seated, sir," said Mr. Herbert with indignant anger. "As your spiritual superior I demand an explanation of your conduct."

"The explanation is perfectly simple. I feel it my duty, as a clergyman and a gentleman, to protect that lady."

"Your first duty, Mr. Bream, is to me."

"Pardon me," said Bream, with a fine mixture of firmness and respect. "I acknowledge your superiority so far as the offices of the parish are concerned; but I have sold you my services, not my conscience."

"Does your conscience instruct you to side with a woman against a lawful husband?" asked Mr. Herbert, hotly. "I have just left that unfortunate gentleman. He has—ah—been perfectly frank with me. He admits fully, amply, that his married life was not a happy one, and that he chiefly was to blame. He confessed his errors with a candour, a consciousness, which did him infinite credit, and which moved me profoundly. He is heartbroken, and, being in a very delicate state of health, is scarcely able to bear the sufferings of his present situation. His heart is yearning for reconciliation; he begs humbly, yet tenderly, for an interview with his wife."

"You see, sir," said Bream, stroking his chin thoughtfully, "Mrs. Dartmouth was taken a little by surprise. The gentleman had been so long dead and buried."

"Dead and buried! The man lives, sir."

"Unfortunately."

"Let us have no more, sir, of this revolting cynicism. For my own part I am astonished to find in a lady for whom I have a sincere respect and sympathy, a tone of such bitterness towards one whom she had sworn to love, honour and obey. And I am even more surprised to find a man of your good sense and general right feeling so easily influenced by a mere *ex parte* statement."

"Even if that were so, sir, I might retort that all you have to go on is a mere *ex parte* statement of the other side. But it is not so. I was intimately acquainted with Mrs. Dartmouth—Mrs. O'Mara if you prefer the real name—during the most disastrous part of her married life."

"Do I understand, Mr. Bream," asked the vicar with ponderous indignation, "do I understand, sir, that you were privy to this lady's concealment of her name? You knew that circumstance, and did not report it to me?"

"My dear sir," said Bream, "I am not aware that the circumstance of my being a clergyman absolves me from my duty as a gentleman. Did you expect me to break the confidence this unhappy lady reposed in me?"

"This was so blank an argumentative 'No thoroughfare' that Mr. Herbert could only blink and cough."

"May I ask, sir," continued Bream, "if you have ever been married?"

"I sir?" roared Mr. Herbert.

"Pardon me, I forgot you stand for the celibacy of the clergy. But if the vicar has not been married, the curate has."

"Indeed."

"So you see I approach this subject with a double advantage. I know something about

matrimony in the abstract, and about this particular marriage we are discussing in particular. I have an opinion founded, not as you said just now, on the *ex parte* statement of an interested and prejudiced person, but on actual knowledge—that this new acquaintance of yours is a whited sepulchre."

"Will you explain?"

"A humbug, if you like it better. His debaucheries at the time I knew him were open and shameless. They broke the heart of this unfortunate lady."

"Judge not," said Mr. Herbert, "that ye be not judged. He has repented, and I would stake all I possess that his repentance is sincere. He is a person of refined tastes, and his whole conversation assures me that he is deeply religious."

"Ah! That looks bad."

"Sir?"

"No offence. Our religion, Mr. Herbert, is often merely a cloak."

"In this case I am sure that it is not. I think I know a little of human nature, and this unfortunate man, I believe, is of a most affectionate and devoted disposition. When he spoke of his child he cried, actually cried! He did the same this morning when he first heard her name, before he knew that she was his child."

"Yes," said Bream, "crocodiles cry."

"I myself was deeply affected, sir," said Mr. Herbert, "and I presume that you do not call me a crocodile. I promised as a Christian, as a clergyman, to plead his cause. I feel myself—ah, somewhat compromised. I shudder when I think that I was on the point of pronouncing a blessing on a bigamous marriage."

"And what do you advise this lady to do?"

"To do?" repeated Mr. Herbert. "To do what any self-respecting woman, any Christian, sir, would do under such circumstances—to fall upon her knees and humbly to thank a merciful Providence that she has been spared the commission of an act of abomination; and then to receive with tenderness the gentleman to whom she owes a wife's duty, a wife's obedience."

"I see," said Bream, "kill the fatted calf, and all that sort of thing. My dear vicar, it can't be done, and it shan't if I can help it."

"Those whom Heaven has joined—"

"The other place often puts asunder."

"You are blasphemous!"

"Not at all. I am practical and honest in the avowal of my ideas. If Mrs. Dartmouth—"

"Mrs. O'Mara," said Mr. Herbert.

"As you please. The name does not greatly matter. If that lady ever again avowed allegiance to a cur like that, I, who am her friend, would give her up for ever."

"For her child's sake, Bream—"

"Even a child cannot mend the broken chain of love."

"Put love aside—duty!"

"Is sometimes but another word for immorality."

"Good heavens, Bream!"

"I repeat the word immorality. For a woman under any protest to live in conjugal bonds with a man she does not love, whom she does not respect, from whom she shrinks in actual loathing, is an infamy in the eyes of God and man."

"We are not sent into this world, Bream, merely to follow out impulses and wishes, but to be chastened and made obedient. The carnal love which you would make the final rule of conduct—"

"Is the most divine thing in the world."

"For itself it is nothing."

"It is everything, for it is priceless, and cannot be bought or sold; to the blessing from without it adds the sanction from within; with it, marriage is a pretaste of heaven, without it, veritable hell on earth. I speak from knowledge, sir, from bitter knowledge of what a loveless woman is."

"We are—ah—losing ourselves in generalities, Bream," said Mr. Herbert. "Let us return to the case in question. Mr. O'Mara has undoubted and undeniable legal rights, to put it on the lowest ground. These rights it is his intention to assert."

"Mrs. O'Mara will deny them on her own re-

sponsibility until legal powers can put her beyond his power."

"Legal powers!" repeated Mr. Herbert with a horror stricken aspect. "Do I hear you aright, Bream, you as a—ah—a Christian priest counsel divorce!"

"Most certainly. It is the only common-sense solution of the dilemma."

"And how," asked O'Mara's voice from the door, "does she propose to procure this divorce?"

"By my evidence, Mr. O'Mara," said Bream, calmly, "and by that of one or two other people, who will be easily enough found. Her case is perfect. You have furnished her with everything she needs,—cruelty, unfaithfulness, desertion!"

"Cruelty!" echoed O'Mara, with an abominably acted air of surprise. "What cruelty, in the name of heaven?"

"She spent a month in St. Thomas's Hospital in consequence of your last assault upon her."

"And where is your witness to that?" asked O'Mara. "It is merely an unsupported statement, to which my denial will be a sufficient answer."

"That we shall see," said the curate.

"This is hard," said O'Mara. "After seven cruel years of separation I return with a heart overflowing with affection. I was happy. My nature was full of sunlight and tender anticipations. I know my former infirmities—I have freely confessed them to Mr. Herbert—but, ah! how I loved that woman."

"You proved it among other things by leaving her for seven years, and making no signs all that time."

"I left her—yes, we were penniless, and I could not bear to see her suffer—I said, 'I will cross the seas and labour until I become rich.' I went, I returned to find—"

"You have returned, as you say. Rich as you hoped?"

"Alas! no. Fortune has frowned upon me, but I still retain my old illusions. I am a little older, but still the same."

"Yes," said Bream, with a world of meaning in his tone. "That seems the difficulty."

"And all you desire," said Mr. Herbert, "is a perfect reconciliation?"

"Precisely," said O'Mara. "I pass my dear wife's unfeeling reception of the news that I survived, I pass over her *tendresse* for another man, I forget that, with my child's innocent eyes fixed upon her, she was about to marry that person, and I say, 'All is forgotten and forgiven. For our little angel's sake, let us be united!'"

Mr. Herbert blew his nose sonorously.

"You hear, Bream?"

"Yes," said Bream, "I hear."

"Then join me as peacemaker in invoking on these good people a Christian blessing."

"Thank you, thank you," cried O'Mara, pressing his hand. "I shall never forget your sympathy, sir," he continued to Bream. "This torture is killing me. I have an obscure heart affection, and—"

"Possibly an aneurism?"

"I—I fear so."

"Hardening of the great artery. I diagnose dit long ago; but with care cases like yours last for years. Your heart will never kill you, Mr. O'Mara."

"My dear sir," said O'Mara, with a slight impatience of manner, "all this is apart from the point. I demand an interview with my wife. I shall try gentle persuasion to bring her back to ideas of wisely duty. If those fail I must try other means, though I shall be very reluctant to do so. I ask you as a gentleman to leave this house."

Bream considered for a moment with his eyes on O'Mara's face, then, walking to the hall rope, rang. Barbara entered the room.

"Ask your mistress to step this way, if you please," Barbara went. "I will leave you with your wife, Mr. O'Mara, perfectly confident that since my interview with her an hour ago you can do her no harm."

Gillian entered, pale but collected.

"This gentleman," said Bream, "insists on an interview with you. I see no harm in you granting

the request. You had better have help at hand in case he should attempt violence, though that is hardly likely."

"I am not afraid," said Gillian. "Thank you and good evening."

She pressed his hand, and acknowledging Mr. Herbert's embarrassed bow, turned to her husband.

CHAPTER XXII.—FACE TO FACE.

They stood face to face for a minute in silence, with the aspect of two duellists taking their places sword in hand. In Gillian's intense face and in the free and strong poise of her figure O'Mara read a more decided courage than that she had shown in their earlier intercourses. His face wore its habitual expression of tired cynicism, touched by the admiration he felt despite himself for her undaunted bearing and by appreciation of her beauty. He carried in his hand a bunch of field flowers which he held out to her with a gesture of chivalrous deference.

"You used to like them, Gillian," he said. "It was one of the many ties between us in the dear old days before our dissensions began. Will you not take them?"

"Enough of this," she answered. "Why are you here?"

"Why? what a question! Why, because—"

"Because the report of your death was a falsehood invented to destroy me. Because you know that I have money; not much, but enough to draw you towards me—because all else failed with you, and in despair you come back to me."

"Permit me," said O'Mara, "to set you right on one point. The report of my death was none of my doing. The facts are very simple. I was robbed by a desperado, and stripped of all I possessed, even my clothes. In my pockets were letters I had received from you during our courtship, the only possessions I had clung to during all the miserable time that I was separated from you. The man was shot with those letters in his possession. He was unknown, and it was supposed, naturally enough—for people do not, as a rule, trouble to carry old letters addressed to other people—that he was Philip O'Mara. So much for that. I came back to you, you say, because you have money. An accusation like that is hard to fight, but consider the circumstances. I knew nothing of your whereabouts, nothing of your accession to fortune. It is purely by chance that I am here. Being here, I claim you, Gillian, I am your husband! I claim your obedience."

"You are not my husband, you are only the man who betrayed, degraded and then abandoned me."

"You put it harshly, Gillian. I had my faults, I admit; I have deplored them during many a bitter hour of our term of separation with tears. I repent them. For our child's sake—"

"For our child's sake?" asked Gillian. "If every fibre of my body and every inch of my soul did not loathe you, the thought of her would be as fatal to any idea of reconciliation with you. My life is ended—it would matter very little whether I dragged out the remnant of my time in solitude or again became your drudge and slave. But she—I will keep her clear of the pollution of your influence, God helping me, with my life! When I look into her face and see in it any likeness to you, I say to myself, better that we both were dead."

"Gillian, you horrify me; you cannot understand what you are saying."

"I understand well, and I have resolved to say it once for all. Equivocation is useless between us; as long as we lived together your life was infamy, mine was misery and shame. You left me; I thought you were dead, and I rejoiced—yes, I rejoiced. You have returned, and the old horror comes back upon me tenfold. Take everything that I possess; let me go and live my own life in peace, and promise me that I shall never see your face again."

"I will promise nothing of the kind," answered O'Mara. "The sacred tie of wedlock is not to be broken so easily. Gillian, my darling, cease these reproaches, and be reasonable. I am a changed man. My old ways are repented of and aban-

doned; I swear it. You are what you were, only, if possible, more beautiful." The admiration that shone in his face was real enough. She felt it; his glance seemed to burn her. "Let me, by devoting my life to yours, atone for the past, Gillian—I love you."

"After what I have suffered from you, you dare—"

"To love you! Who could help it?"

"Silence! Not another word. Turn your eyes away. If you look at me like that—"

"Forgive my admiration. You never looked so beautiful! The same soft eyes and thoughtful brow, the same golden hair, the same fair form that I have clasped to mine." He came forward with extended hands. She made a step back, with so evil a glitter in her unchanging eyes that he paused.

"Don't prompt me to forget my sex," she said, "as I fear I shall if you attempt to lay a hand upon me. I have been free from you too long to fall under your power again. I remember too well the shame of our life together."

"I remember only its happy moments. Why torture yourself and me by thinking of these little indiscretions, long since repented, which caused an occasional estrangement. Come, let us be friends. What, will you not even take my hand?"

"Not even that! You know well what you were and are! You taught me long ago to know you also. You can deceive the world, perhaps, but you can never again deceive me. Do not approach me! Go your way, and let me go mine."

"May I ask," said O'Mara, with a sudden coldness of tone—"forgive the question—if you are quite ingenuous. Is not your present conduct the consequence less of my misconduct, which I have amply admitted, than of the fact that another man has supplanted me in your affections?"

"Infamous! Be silent."

"No, my dear Gillian, I will not be silent. You ask too much; you would have the charity all on one side. I must remind you of my duty, and command you—yes, *command* you—to admit my authority as your lawful husband. No, you shall not go, I have not yet done. If you insist on a separation *a mensâ et thoro*, which I deeply deplore, I shall require at least one solatium, the custody of my little daughter."

Gillian staggered as if the words had stabbed her.

"Take my child from me!" she gasped. "Yield her up to you! I would rather see her dead."

"You compel me to remind you again of my legal position. Do you think a fellow has no rights? Do you mean that I will suffer my darling child to remain under the care of one who has taught her to hate and despise her father?"

"I have not done so," said Gillian. "Philip, I swear to you, until to-day I had never breathed your name to her. She had never heard of your existence."

"That is even more unnatural. Gillian, I repeat it, you shock me exceedingly."

"Hypocrite!" cried Gillian.

"Ah, you do not know me!"

"To the inmost fibre of your being! To the very core of your false and cruel heart! My little child! Oh, God! Philip," she cried, with outstretched hands and with a sudden intensity of pleading passion, "have pity! Listen to me. I will believe all that you say of your repentance, I will teach her to pray for you night and morning. Have pity! Take all that I possess, but leave me my child."

"You ask too much," he said again. "The bribe you offer is a greater insult than any you have yet put upon me. It is not for the sake of money that I shall desert my child, or give up my rights as a husband. I cannot compel you to believe in the sincerity of my repentance, the ardour of my affection, but I can at least take care that my child is not schooled to detest and abhor her father, or permitted to grow up in ignorance of his mere existence."

"Will nothing move you?" cried Gillian. The threat about the child had frightened her horribly. She had, if such a thing were possible, exaggerated

O'Mara's cunning and cruelty, and her thought was that before she could procure the legal protection she needed he would steal Dora from her side.

"Nothing!" he answered. "I stand here on my rights. You are my wife, Dora is my child. This house is mine; nothing but process of law can eject me. I see by the unaltered stubbornness of your demeanour that soft measures are of no avail. I might as well have acted decisively this morning as now." He took a seat, crossed his legs easily, and took a cigar from his pocket. "You don't object to a cigar, if I remember rightly. Oh, by-the-bye, you had better send up to the Pig and Whistle for my portmanteau. You are nearer the bell than I, might I trouble you to ring."

Showing unconsciousness in every line of his face and curve of his body of Gillian's horrified gaze upon him, he kept his eyes fixed on the flame of the match at which he lit his cigar. His voice was purely commonplace, and having thrown aside the match he stretched out an indolent hand for a book on the table beside him.

A knock came to the door, which Gillian scarcely heard and left unanswered. Barbara entered the room with a card upon a salver. Her mistress took it mechanically. For a second or two the name it bore meant nothing to her, but at a second reading she cried to Barbara with a stifled pant in her voice:

"Yes, show him in."

She stood erect again, and quivering as if some galvanic influence flashed from the scrap of paste-board held between her fingers. Thirty seconds later Sir George Venables entered the room. He stopped at sight of O'Mara, who looked up at him from the page of the book with an abominably acted cool stare of non-recognition.

"A friend of yours, my dear Gillian? Pray present me."

"I am Sir George Venables," said the baronet. "I desire to speak a few words with Mrs. Dartmouth."

"There is no lady of that name here," returned O'Mara. "Do you know her address, Gillian? Perhaps you can direct this gentleman to find the person he requires."

"Gillian!" began Venables.

"Pardon me," said O'Mara. "That lady is my wife. May I ask what right you have to address her by her Christian name?" he continued, dropping his bantering tone, and speaking angrily. "Don't you think, under the circumstances, that your visit is misplaced and impertinent, and that you had better go? I am not of a jealous temperament, but I decidedly object to the presence here of one who proposed taking my place and usurping my privileges. To put it on the lowest ground, it is hardly becoming."

"I came here—" began Sir George.

"As cavalier in ordinary. Just so; but the proper guardian of a wife is her husband."

"You cur!" cried Sir George, making a step towards him. "Utter another word of insult and—"

"Oh, pray, strike me! You are powerfully built, I am physically delicate; don't doubt you would be the stronger. But morally and legally, young man, I should be a giant, you a pigmy."

"My object in coming here to night," said Venables, restraining his passion with a strong effort, "was to offer that lady my protection against a scoundrel."

"Indeed! Highly chivalric."

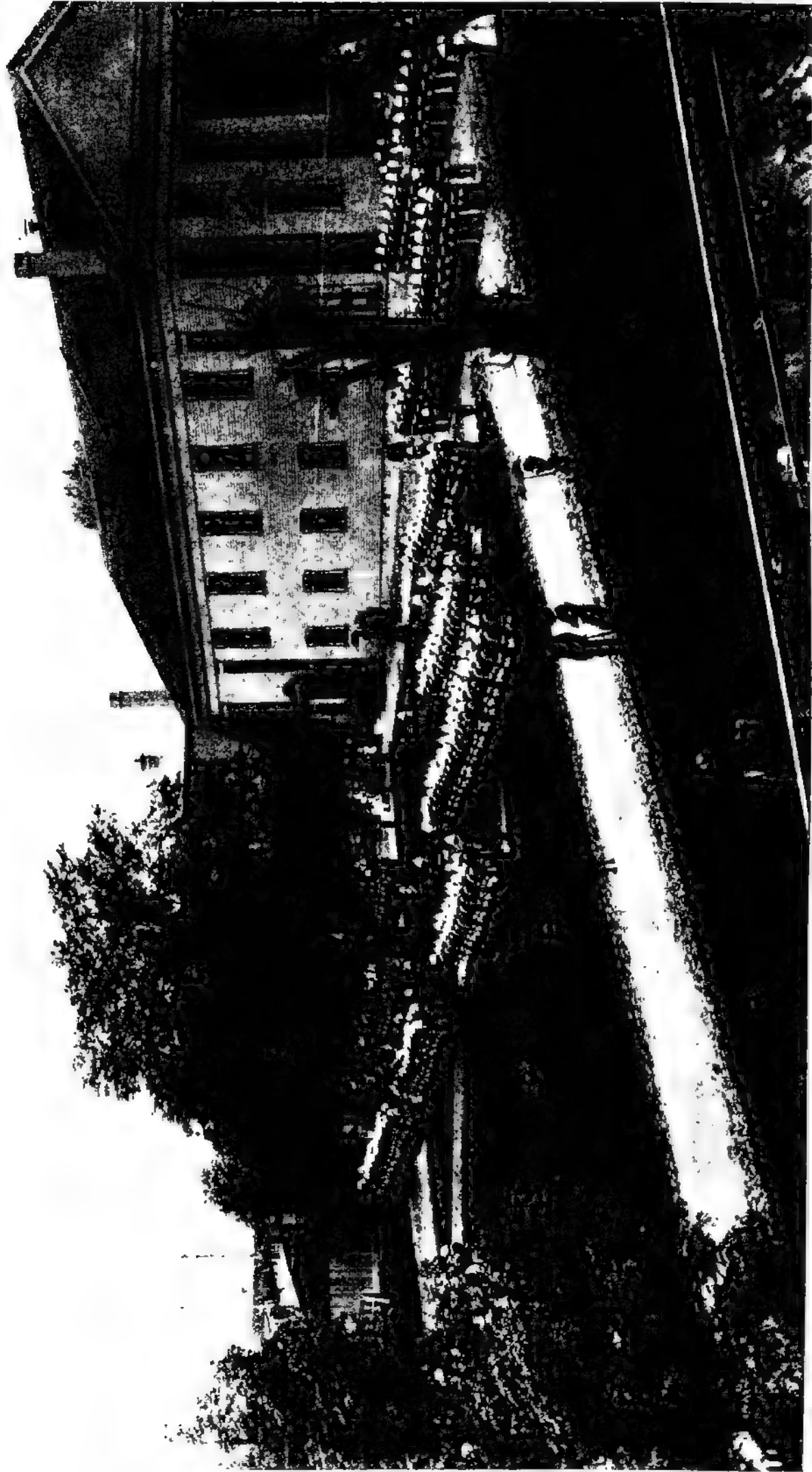
"I know what she has suffered. I know the misery you have brought upon her; and now, if she said the word, I would avenge her wrongs upon your miserable body."

"George, be silent; let me speak."

"Wait, my dear Gillian," said O'Mara, "I shall have the greatest pleasure in listening to any remarks you may have to make when we are quit of the presence of this intruder. Sir, I am master here, as you will find if you intend to deny my authority. That lady is my wife. This is my house. Your presence here is an outrage. Be good enough to make yourself scarce."

"I shall not stir a step while you remain."

(To be continued.)



THE GARRISON CHAPEL, HALIFAX, N. S.



Now that the hockey season is a thing of the past, a word about the senior championship series may not be out of place. The Montreal club are once more the champions, with the proud record of not having lost a match during the whole season. They have met and defeated every club with any championship tendencies whatever. Sometimes the struggle was a hard one, but superior play won in the long run. It seems, though, that the challenge system is somewhat of a hardship on the champion club, because every week it is liable to be called on to defend its title, thus necessitating the players keeping constantly in good trim, and then such a thing is well within the probabilities of a team beating everything all through the season and being defeated in the last match and thus losing a title that was successfully defended for several months, while the club that won the last match might have been defeated in every other. Suppose Montreal had lost the final, it seems difficult to understand that a club with only one win to its credit should claim the championship trophy from a club with seven or eight wins, but such is the fact, and it is the result of the challenge system which gives all the advantage to the challenger. The series would seem to be the fairer method, and when it was in vogue it gave general satisfaction.

In the description recently of Alcantara jr., through an inadvertency it was neglected to state that the price obtained was the largest ever got for a horse owned in the Province of Quebec and that his former owner was Dr. W. B. McGowan.

The Windsor Keystone Gun Club are talking of a big shoot, when \$2,000 will be given in prizes. One purse of \$500 will be open to the world. If this tournament materializes it will be the biggest thing for gun men ever held in Western Canada.

Sport in the Lower Provinces promises to recuperate during the coming season. President Skinner, of the St. John Amateur Athletic Association is an enthusiast, especially as regards cricket, for he says: "After all, cricket is the game. We have lots of good material, and if such men as Messrs. Jones, Starr, Harvey, Knowlton and some others would take the matter in hand the game would boom. In Fredericton the curlers are cricketers too, and they have promised to get up an eleven that will make things lively for St. John. If a good team was had it would be very easy to arrange matches with Halifax, and a professional could be got almost immediately. Hitherto this has been done by private subscription, and there would be no difficulty in doing the same thing again; but the man who would place cricket on its legs must be a good player and show an interest in the sport. With such a man to captain the team, the interest of every man in the club, who has any cricket in him at all, would be awakened." Mr. Skinner is not so enthusiastic about baseball, and is apparently not an admirer of the sort of ball Haligonians put up. He says: "I am not in favour of having much to do with Halifax, if things continue as they have been. They never treated us properly, and the ball played there last summer was not the kind we want. I would not vote for the outlay of a single cent toward professional ball; but, of course, I cannot say what the club will do. If Halifax raises a purely local team, and a respectable one at that, so far as I am concerned I would be willing to overlook the things which have occurred, and meet them in the interest of the sport. If Moncton or Fredericton get up local teams, of course we would be glad to give them games. I like baseball as I like other athletic games, and there is material in our club for as good a team as could be found in the Maritime Provinces. If men like Bell, White, Christie, George and Keltie Jones, Starr, Beer and others enter into the thing a fine amateur team could be made up." Perhaps if a little interest was awakened in lacrosse it would help along athletics generally, even if it would be suggested that it was a better game for spectators than cricket.

Now that our friends on the other side of the line are beginning to find out that even some extraordinary things

can come out of Canada, and are lionizing our native Sampson, perhaps a few words of his history, which I have not seen in Canadian papers, may be interesting. Louis Cyr is 27 years of age, weighs 318 lbs., and stands 5 ft. 11½ in. in his stockings, but his immense girth detracts from his height. When he was 17 years of age he somewhat resembled Mr. Wardle's fat boy, and weighed a trifle over 240 lbs. This was before Montreal had become acquainted to any great extent with asphalt or other modern pavements, and he discovered a cart loaded with brick stuck in the mud. The unfortunate horse was getting one of his diurnal floggings. Cyr's heart was moved with pity, and he started in to help the horse out. A happy idea struck him, so he got under the waggon and, lifting it with his back, moved it over to solid ground. The horse looked surprised as well as grateful, and evidently appeared to think that Mr. Cyr had missed his vocation. So did the bystanders, and somebody told him that he was a strong man, while the same impression began to dawn on him, too. So he made up his mind to be a Sampson, and like his protonym forgot to cut his hair, which now hangs on his shoulders in yellow ringlets. He varied the monotony of life by becoming a Montreal policeman, and had a painful, if not romantic, experience when he attempted to make an arrest and was interviewed with an axe. Then he went into the Herculean occupation solely, and with a little practice soon appropriated the weight-lifting record. He startled the world by his great feat at Berthierville when he lifted 3,536 lbs. of iron on his back, but a few days ago he managed to get 3,993 lbs. off the floor. During the last few years Cyr has abstained from tobacco and strong liquors, and says that he attributes to this abstinence an increased lifting power of 700 lbs. But he eats about 5 lbs. of meat per day and takes a little wine for his stomach's sake. After the startling reports of the wonderful feats of strength done by Sandow and Sampson in London, efforts were made to bring the Canadian Hercules into competition with them, and from present appearances of matters it is likely that before many weeks the rival strong men will have met and decided what will then be regarded as the world's championship.

The Manhattan Athletic Club and the New York Athletic Club, two of the finest organizations in the world, never can let each other alone, and the amount of friendliness displayed at every opportunity is about comparable with the active principle of two felines whose caudal appendages have somehow or other got tangled up with a clothes line. This time the trouble is all about the defeat of Mr. Carr for membership on the Central Board of the A. A. U. The Mannhattans to most people would seem to have a right to be represented, but the men who wear the winged foot thought differently, and it is even said openly that they descended to "put up a job," whatever that may mean, whereby the M. A. C. were left on the outside where it is cold. "Mediator" Hughes, who voices the sentiments of his club, says: "The Manhattan Athletic Club can exist independently, unless it is treated with fairness and justice in the A. A. U." That sounds very much like the declaration of another athletic war, such as played the mischief with things generally a couple of years ago.

But if the Mannhattans were frozen out in the elections there is enough hot water among its own members to make things exceedingly lively for a little while, and it is all over the social question. Everybody knows that the M. A. C. has always been what is known as something of a high roller in social circles. This was evident when the composition of the club was considered. The mere athlete did not have an overpowering influence in club matters. On general principles he was just there to carry the cherry diamond to the front as often as possible and make things as unpleasant as possible for the winged foot. For this he was petted and made a hero of, was taken on expensive excursions, was always provided with a more or less remunerative position if willing to work, and was patronized generally. But he was not supposed to take any particularly active part in the running of the club. It is this fact that has made the late election of the Board of Governors a thorn in the side of some of the club's four hundred. The New York Sun sums the whole thing up in a nutshell, and if it may serve as a sort of warning to Canadian athletic organizations the reproduction of the following portion will not have been wasted space:—

"We have here the most magnificent club house in the world. Its appointments are unexcelled and its membership tremendous. Athletically it is in the front rank, and from every conceivable standpoint except one no flaw can be found. The exception noted is a serious one. The character of the Board of Governors, or rather the social and financial standing of a majority of the members, is referred to. Certainly the club has on its membership rolls a sufficiency of solid men from whom its Governors can be chosen, men of social influence, financial solidity, and business prominence. Surely the club can find enough of such men, who would not only reflect credit on the organization but attract to it. Why is it that men of the character mentioned are unable to secure an election to the Board, and why is it that men who lack all the advantages named are pushed to the front?"

It should not be understood that the Board does not contain many admirable men, but the majority are not fitted to rule the destinies of so great an organization as the Manhattan Athletic Club. The social feature of that club should not be a whit behind the other branches, and the fact is now that it is subordinated to the athletic branch. But there must be a change, or the grand club will surely deteriorate or crumble away. Its Board of Governors is in no sense of the word a representative one, and until it is made so the club will not take its proper position in the realm of clubdom. There will be a bitter struggle between those who are attempting to subordinate the social to the other features of the club, but there can be no doubt as to the outcome. The majority of the members of the Board are altogether too light waisted and cannot withstand the assault sure to be made upon them. There will be a change, and the Manhattan Athletic Club will emerge from its peer socially, as she is in all other respects, of the athletic clubs of the earth."

The name is the Manhattan "Athletic" Club.

"The more the merrier" has a good deal of truth in it, and particularly so when athletic organizations are referred to. A young country like Canada can stand any amount of athletic clubs, and we can boast of a good deal more sturdy muscle and nerve to the proportion of population than our long drawn out, nervous, pistol firing brethren to the south of us. The latest addition is the Coaticook Amateur Athletic Association, which was organized last week, and the definite organization took place yesterday. The officers elected were: President, B. Austin; vice-president, G. H. St. Pierre; second vice, Dr. Bachand; secretary treasurer, J. N. McNicholl.

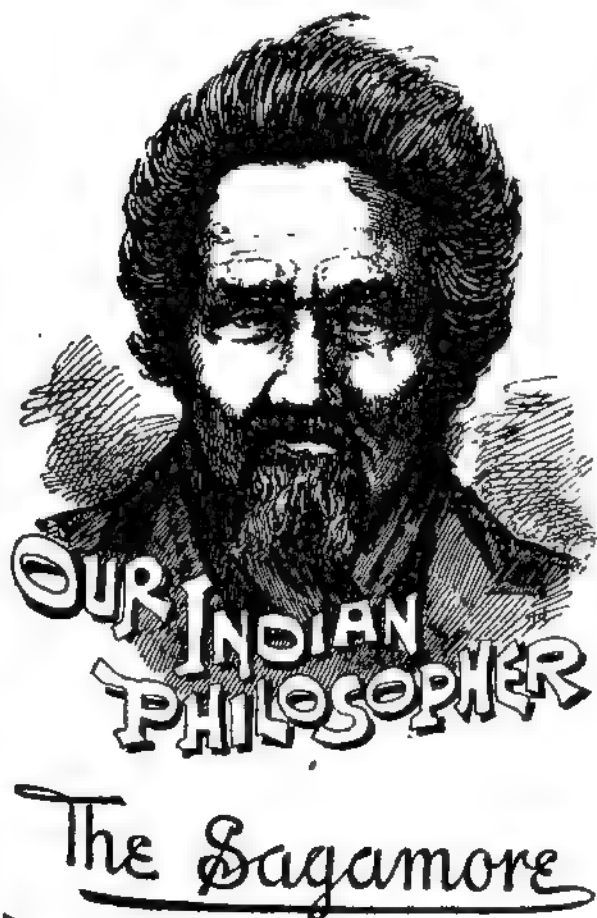
There are plenty of good cricketers in Bedford, P.Q., and they have at last come to the conclusion that it would be a good idea to get up a club. Bedford has not been particularly brilliant in athletic work recently, and this last has been a move in the right direction.

We are promised a new junior lacrosse league in Eastern Ontario to consist of the Cornwall Juniors, Alexandria, Brockville, Prescotts, Lancasters and any other junior team in that section of the country that would like to go into the scheme. The new league will be modelled after the Montreal Junior League, and the following is a brief description of the way of working proposed: The clubs of the surrounding districts to send delegates to a central point and hold a convention; the clubs interested to subscribe a certain amount to purchase a trophy. Two matches are to be played on the grounds of each team, the home team paying the expenses of the visiting team in each case, and the team winning the greatest number of matches to hold the trophy for the season. The N.A.A.U. rules are to govern the games.

The Toronto Argonauts will likely engage Denny Donahue, of Hamilton, as professional trainer for their crew. The idea is to get a Canadian, and certainly in Canada we can hold our own with other oarsmen, for we have plenty of good material to draw from, and a better choice than the Hamilton man could hardly be hit upon.

If Washington gets the annual regatta for the N.A.A.U. it will have quite a little hustling to do to pay expenses, and the aquatic clubs of the American Capital will have to go down in their pockets a little deeper than on the occasion of a recent athletic meeting, which was not particularly satisfactory from a financial point of view.

The Hockey teams of the Liverpool & London & Globe Insurance Co. and the Guarantee Company played a match on Tuesday night in the Victoria Rink, which resulted in a victory for the former by four goals to two. R. O. X.



The reporter dashed up the pathway leading to the wigwam at a rate of speed that discounted the wind to such an extent that it fell out of the race in disgust and veered round in another direction. For the reporter was in an awful hurry. Several papposes who happened to be in the path got out of it with remarkable celerity. For the reporter's haste was something startling to behold. To have stood in his way would have been as foolhardy an act as to go into an election campaign without some ten or fifteen thousand dollars worth of patriotism in hard cash. In his hand he bore a roll of parchment, and his coat tails followed him at a respectful distance.



He dashed up to the wigwam door and jerked the blanket away, disappearing like a flash on the inner side. A moment later he had one arm around the neck of the sagamore, and with the other held the parchment unrolled before the old man's eyes, his tongue going at a rate of speed induced by throwing into that organ all the energy before exercised in reaching the wigwam.



"My brother," he said, "you have always been ready to do me a good turn—I have not asked many favors of you, but I want you to grant me one to-day—of course you know the collectorship of customs is vacant—I have never asked a favour of the government in my life—you know as well as I do how much I have done for the party—without ever getting a cent—or the value of a cent—but this office is vacant—somebody has got to get it—I might as well have it as anybody—I want you to sign this petition for me—of course I know you will—I only asked one other man before coming to you."

"Who you asked before?" demanded Mr. Paul, disengaging himself from the reporter's embrace.

"The late incumbent of the office," said the reporter. "I heard he was dying last night and I got up the petition as quick as I could and went round. I was just in time. If I had been fifteen minutes later he wouldn't have had strength enough to sign the petition. You can see that the signature is a little wobbly, as it is."

Mr. Paul folded his arms and looked at his visitor with a curious mixture of wonder and another feeling that was not so easily fathomed.

"That man's dead, eh," he presently remarked.

"He is," said the reporter cheerfully. "I have the doctor's certificate in my pocket. I have also a lock of the late gentleman's hair. Oh, the office is vacant all right enough. He died last night about twenty minutes after I left the house."

"You want his office," pursued Mr. Paul.

"Just so," assented the reporter.

"You went there when he's pooty near dead—ask him sign paper help you git that office," continued Mr. Paul.

"Yes," said the reporter, "and he signed it like a man. Then we had a few minutes prayer together before I left. He was a good man. I wish we were all as certain of happiness hereafter."

"Now you come here try to git me sign that paper," went on Mr. Paul, ignoring the reporter's last remark.

"I have," said the reporter. "You are my best friend. I want your influence. I will get a few more prominent people to sign to-morrow. Day after to-morrow the funeral takes place. I will be at the house and get the signature of the clergyman, the mourners and the pall-bearers. That ought to be enough. I flatter myself that we need not go very far to make the acquaintance of the next collector of customs."

The reporter winked as he said this, and poked Mr. Paul in the ribs.

Mr. Paul apparently did not relish the poke, for he caught the reporter a thump under the ear that sent him sprawling. The latter pulled himself together again and demanded an explanation.

"You got any shame?" was the somewhat unexpected rejoinder.

"Any what?"

"Any shame."

"What's that?" queried the reporter in amazement.

"I thought you didn't know," said Mr. Paul contemptuously.

"What is it, anyhow?" asked the reporter. "I never heard the word before."

"That's what I think," said the sagamore. "Any man goes round after some other man's place 'fore that man's cold—he don't know much 'bout shame."

"As far as seeking the office is concerned," observed the reporter, "I am simply attending to business. Office hunting, my dear sir, is a legitimate occupation. And it is being rapidly reduced to a science. I have given the subject a good deal of careful attention of late years."

"Yes," commented Mr. Paul, "you been after good many offices lately."

"As I had a perfect right to do," loftily rejoined the reporter. "This is a free country. But I was verdant. I always got left. Other men out-manoeuvred me. Experience has taught me valuable lessons and perfected me in modes of procedure. I flatter myself that the office seekers of the future can get some points from me. The collectorship is mine. The late incumbent was an estimable man and a valued officer. The government recognized his ability and reposed in him the highest confidence. He was frequently the recipient of tokens of esteem. I have his dying request in my behalf. Even a government can hardly refuse the last request of a dying man. If they did it might alienate the sympathy and support of the

mourners. And when you add to that the tear-stained signatures of the mourners themselves, the clergyman and the pall bearers, the combination is irresistible. You may congratulate me, old man."

The reporter held out his hand.

Mr. Paul's hands went deep into his pockets.

"That man's dead, eh," he queried.

"He is," said the reporter.

"You want his office," said Mr. Paul again.

"I do," said the reporter.

"What you know 'bout work in that office?"

"That has nothing to do with it," said the reporter.

"Kin you do that work in that office?" repeated the other.

"The work will be done all right," confidently asserted the reporter.

"You ever do any work like that?" persisted Mr. Paul.

"No—I didn't."

"Got any idea what you got to do there?"

"Oh, I don't bother my brains about that," said the reporter cheerfully.

"You jist want that office," said Mr. Paul.

"Just so," said the reporter.

"You make somebody else do that work," said Mr. Paul.

"Just so."

"You go round try to git that man's office 'fore he's buried," said Mr. Paul.

"You said that before," said the reporter. "What ails you, anyhow?"

"Ain't anything ails me," rejoined the old man. "Gonto be something ails you pooty soon. What you call that bird lives on bodies of dead people?"

"Do you mean the vulture?" asked the reporter.

"Ah hab."

"And what about it?" demanded the reporter.

"That's what you're gonto turn into right away," said Mr. Paul. "You better go 'way from here quick's you kin. If you stick your beak in this camp any more you git it chopped off pooty soon."

"Won't you sign the petition?" demanded the reporter.

Mr. Paul seized a war club and swung it around his head. Then he changed his mind, dropped the club and took the reporter, neck and heels, reduced him to a horizontal position and shot him headforemost through the door and into a slimy pool caused by the melting of snow and other substances.

It was a pitiful object that crawled out and ran down the path, chased by all the papposes and dogs in the settlement.



The collectorship is still vacant.

Stray Notes.

In an Ontario election case the other day it was decided by the judge that a cheque was not a legal deposit. Solvent candidates who are seeking a place where deposits of this kind will not be adjudged illegal are respectfully invited to call at this office.

An effort is being made to banish tights from the stage in Minnesota. The legislature probably contemplates holding evening sessions and desires the presence of its members.



My Sketch—Hair-Dressing—Pretty Shoes—Housewifely House-Linen.

My sketch shows you that we are gradually leaving off our furs, both as wraps and trimmings, but it is well to see the bitter winds of March well past before we quite say farewell to them. I therefore give you a new model of a spring jacket in blue-black cloth. The long vest or waistcoat is of velvet, and framing it in are long ornaments of black passementerie, which end in fringes, as you see, on each side. The back is made plain, and fits quite tightly to the figure, except for the two under pleats, which are necessary to give the required amplitude to the basque of the jacket. Now, if you wish still to make this a little more wintry it will cost very little to add a flat piece of fur inside the Medici collar, the ends being allowed to continue down the front to the hem of the coat, like a fur trimming. With similar pieces of fur added as cuffs to each sleeve, it at once becomes a thorough winter wrap for cold days. Of course these additions would be made removable, to take off and on, according to the state of the weather. It is always well to remember these little arrangements, for they often be-



come real economies. Now, please look at the hat, which is one of the three-cornered Louis XV. shapes, and made of felt to wear with this jacket. It is bordered with black feather trimming, and if desired a little smarter, a narrow gold cord may be added round the brim, about three-quar-

ters of an inch away from the extreme edge. I give also a design for a simple, little bonnet that is useful for every-day wear, and rather brighter and more spring-like than the heavy-looking felt ones of the past two months. It is made of velvet, with bows of velvet ribbon in any colour you find useful to wear with the rest of your costume. Apricot, capucine, a peachy mauve, or pale green, are all colours that will go with almost any dark tint. There is not much to be said just yet about what we are to wear, but the latest news from Paris states that cloth of a light make will be as much in favour for early spring dresses as it has been in its thicker qualities for those of the past winter. All the jackets, and most of the short mantles now making for March wear are composed of it, and very pretty they are. For dresses also, there is nothing more becoming, for it has such a way of falling into beautiful round full folds.

* * *

Hair-dressing I am glad to say, is becoming a little more reasonable. We have no longer the helmet-shaped arrangement of hair, with which some people used to cover their heads, and it is only those young girls who are endowed with a super-abundant chevelure who are compelled to pile it up in exaggerated looking masses on the top of the head. Women are learning to appreciate the beauty of a shapely head, and thus nothing is done to interfere more than can be helped with its natural symmetry. The hair is still pressed into large waves and drawn to the back of the head, where it is clubbed into a small chignon, from which a few light curls may escape, if desired, to break its uniformity. Wreaths are beginning to be worn, or a circlet of balls of gold or tortoise-shell laid lightly round the hair, which is



no longer allowed to cover the top but on the crown of the head, as in the accompanying illustration. Young girls wear some of the same ribbon that trims their dresses knotted like a Scotch snood round the head, and when flowers are added they are only of the very smallest, simplest kinds, such as snowdrops, hyacinths, lily of the valley, mimosa, white heather or forget-me-nots. Aigrettes of diamonds are either combined with little sprays of flowers, or tiny tips of ostrich feather, and these are the principal coiffure for young married ladies, but in no instance is the hair or its ornament allowed to increase the size of the head.

* * *

Pretty shoes are far more frequent nowadays than they used to be. I can remember the time when nothing but black or white were considered correct, and now all colours, including gold and silver, are permissible. I hear that the newest shapes that are being made in Paris are to be either quite high upon the front of the foot as in King Charles II's time, or cut down very low, so as to make the fore part of the foot look very short, like those we see in the pantomimes on a harlequin. In all cases our evening shoes must match our dresses in material and colour, but I do not hear of very large bows or rosettes being worn just yet—merely buckles for the high shoes, and a diamond solitaire button for the low ones.

* * *

Housewifely house linen is one of the things that more than any other gives an air of refinement to the home. Many ladies spend—they would hardly like it called waste—a great number of hours in endless fancy work, marvels of crewel, ecclesiastical, and other embroideries, useful for very little but to while away that so-called enemy "Time." It is much to be regretted that they should not spend their handiwork on something more worthy the labour they bestow. I will therefore, to-day, chat about the decoration of house-linen, and show by what pretty artifices, elegance,

and beauty even, may be introduced into these prosaic necessities of life, adding, however, that whilst it is not necessary to decorate all one's ordinary house-linen, few will object to having their best sheets, pillow cases, toilet covers, &c., made as pretty as possible to enhance the appearance of the guest chamber. To begin with the sheets; the end that is "turned down" may be embellished with a wide hem, and hem stitched or sewn with an open work of drawn threads, then finished off with Coventry frilling two inches wide, gathered on with sufficient fullness to gauge when ironed. The hem-stitch that is prettiest for this kind of linen is done as follows: fold a hem nearly two inches wide, and tack it down very evenly, draw about ten threads just below the edge of this hem. Take a stitch under six of the perpendicular threads left by the drawing, putting the needle in again where you began, but bring it out instead through the hem, just beyond and above the top of the six threads. The hem-stitch must be repeated on the opposite end of the perpendicular threads as well; this may be done by either taking up the same six threads each time, or by taking alternately three threads of one set, and three of the next, giving the appearance of a sort of Vandyke pattern. An insertion of drawn threads, called "pure tirato" is made by drawing three threads, and leaving three both ways of the linen for as wide as required. With a fine linen thread, sew over each row of three threads, passing the needle at the back where they cross each other. After doing this both ways, button hole the two edges of the insertion. Pillow-cases to match are made with the hem-stitch or insertion on the other side, at the same distance from the edge as the wide hem of the sheet, and also with Coventry frilling. Counterpanes can be made extremely pretty of coarse or fine Saxony linen-canvas, in cream or white cheese straining cloth, or any of the many white or figelle coloured materials deemed suitable, and adorned with German cross stitch, Russian or crewel embroidery of coloured cottons in a wide border, with crest, and arms, or monogram in the middle; if of cheese-straining cloth, insertions are easily worked in the stuff itself, or an entire piece of torchon lace looks very nice let in with a wide border of the same lace to finish off the edge. These counterpanes being transparent, are never quite complete without a silk lining of pale blue, pink, maize yellow, or light green, which can be taken out when it is necessary to be sent to the wash. I should like to show you how to do toilet covers but I must leave it till a future letter.

The O'Shea Divorce Case and Home Rule.

It is impossible, however, to deny that the whole aspect and prospects of Home Rule have been completely changed by very recent events. The undefended divorce case in last November, in which Mr. Parnell was a respondent, for the first time completely dispelled the illusions which the great body of the English Nonconformists appear to have formed about the character of that very remarkable man, who has for many years governed the Home Rule movement with the most complete despotism, and on whom its course in the immediate future seemed mainly to depend. There is probably no other country in Europe in which such an explosion of feeling as took place on this occasion could have been produced by such a case. It was evidently perfectly genuine and spontaneous, and it sprang from the most respectable of sentiments; but it was not, perhaps, surprising that it should have inspired wildered foreign nations, and that it should have reflected some cool observers at home with melancholy reflections about the kind of influences by which modern politics may be swayed. When Mr. Gladstone, at the age of seventy-five, after more than fifty years of active political life, suddenly announced the complete reversal of the policy about Ireland which had heretofore been uniformly pursued by his party and by himself, the great body of the English Nonconformists blindly followed him. They were shaken by all the revelations of the special commission. They were prepared to place the government of their loyal fellow-countrymen in the hands of a man who had been convicted of a treasonable conspiracy; of aggravated duplicity; of a course of conduct directly productive of perhaps as large an amount of fraud, tyranny and outrage as any movement of the nineteenth century; it was only when he was proved guilty of a breach of the sacred commandment, which was totally unconnected with his public life, that the scales fell from their eyes, and they declared that they would abandon the Home Rule cause if he remained at its head.—W. E. H. LUCKY in *North American Review* for March.

OUR British Columbia Letter

The SS. "West Indian" arrived from Liverpool a few days ago after rather an eventful voyage. She is a steamer of 1805 tons, and left Liverpool on the 3rd of last December, arriving at Sandy Point in the Straits of Magellan on January 7th, after a long run of 7,400 miles. Leaving there on the same day, she met with stormy weather in the straits, and arrived at Coronel, in Chili, on January 15th. She had put in to that town for coal, but the captain found that there was much difficulty in getting it, as the Chilians were in the midst of the most exciting scenes of the revolution. The bombardment of the port took place while the West Indian was there, and it was only after a week's detention that they were allowed to proceed on their way. An English firm in the place had also to give bonds to the amount of \$14,000 that the vessel would not dispose of any portion of her cargo to the rebels. As they were at last leaving the harbor a small ship belonging to the rebels signalled them to heave-to, but Captain Scott took no notice of the command. In a few moments he was rather surprised to see the large man-of-war "Esmeralda" start after his vessel under full steam, while the boom of her big guns gave warning that the "West Indian" had better drop her anchor. When this was done an officer and party of armed men from the Chilian war ship came on board, and Captain Scott asked them what they meant by chasing and firing on a vessel under the protection of the British flag. They replied that they thought some of the enemy were on board, but were speedily disabused of this impression. Finally many apologies were made to the officers of the "West Indian" for her detention, and at last they succeeded in leaving Chili, still in the midst of internal strife and confusion. There are many incidents connected with this voyage which are of more than usual interest, but it would take too much space to relate them. One of the passengers has written a book describing their adventures, and giving an account of the stirring scenes witnessed at the bombardment of Coronel. This book is now in press and will be shortly published.

H.M.S. "Warspite," which was lately stationed at Esquimalt, was at Iquique when that port was taken by the Chilian fleet, and Captain Lambton landed under fire to arrange an armistice and to take on board any women and children who still remained in the town.

We have had a good deal of excitement over the elections here, but now it has subsided and the great majority of the people are well satisfied with the results. The Conservative candidates have been returned in every instance; and in the cities especially, Col. Prior and Mr. Earle in Victoria and Mr. Corbould in Vancouver have headed the poll by large majorities. The people of British Columbia are prosperous under the present regime and do not desire a change of government.

The new Collegiate School in Vancouver, which I mentioned in a former letter, was opened last week by a musical and conversazione given in the temporary quarters of the institution in the Sir Donald Smith block, Granville St. The large assembly room was filled by over two hundred ladies and gentlemen, invited to participate in the proceedings. Mayor Oppenheimer, the Rev. Mr. McLaren, the American and Japanese consuls and Dr. Wilson occupied seats on the platform, and addresses were given upon the subject of education in general and its satisfactory progress in British Columbia in particular. The mayor said that he had much pleasure in meeting on this occasion such a large and representative gathering of the citizens of Vancouver, and referred to the difficulties which had been met and successfully overcome by Principal Whetham in establishing the college. He felt certain that under his able direction, assisted by such capable and experienced masters as Messrs. H. Rushton Fairclough, A. T. DeLury and William Int'l. Veld Francis the institution would soon develop into a seat of learning of which the province might be proud. The Hon. F. Sugimura, consul for Japan, spoke in his address of the interest taken by his country in education, and prophesied that before long they would see students from Japan availing themselves of the advantages of Whetham College. A musical entertainment was then given under the leadership of Mr. Alfred Delbruck. Mr. O. Evan-Thomas, who possesses a rich baritone voice, delighted the audience by his songs, "Ask Nothing More" and "Beauty's Eyes," and gave for an encore "Under the Almond Tree," accompanied

by the composer, Mr. Delbruck. A sextette from "Patience" was sung by Mrs. Green, Mrs. Buntzen, Miss Connon, Mr. Delbruck, Mr. Evan-Thomas and Mr. Hamber. Two charming selections were rendered by a string quintette, and a solo by Mr. Hamber. After the applause given to the last encore had died away the guests dispersed through the building, which was thrown open for their inspection, and all arrangements made for the comfort and physical training of the boys were pronounced to be most satisfactory. Refreshments were then provided, and one of the most pleasant social gatherings of the season broke up with many good wishes for the success of the Collegiate School.

The spring meeting of the Victoria Jockey Club promises to be a great attraction for those interested in racing affairs. It takes place on the 1st and 2nd of May, the course is in excellent condition and the entries coming in rapidly. The race for the Queen's plate will come off then, among numerous other events, and the sum of \$2,000 is offered in prizes. There is to be a polo pony race, owners to ride, for a cup or set of harness, the ponies not to be over 14½ hands high.

LENNOX.

Our New York Letter.

St. Patrick's Day—and Americans have been taking their pleasure very sadly—leaving the great day to the Irish, with the exception of a green flag twisted round a horizontal rope over the town hall and a gas green edition of the New York World.

Mr. E. N. Somers, the creator of those really excellent eclectic magazines, "Current Literature" and "Short Stories," sails to-morrow for a brief but much needed holiday in England, where he will beguile his time in hunting up varieties of fiction for his magazines.

Negotiations are in progress for bringing out an American edition of Mackenzie Bell's "Charles Whitehead, a Forgotten Genius"—a brilliant monograph on the life of the man who wrote the novel of his day, Richard Savage, and was invited by the publishers to write "Pickwick" before they asked Dickens.

The most interesting event of the week for Canadians is the absolute and unqualified success of the little farce written by Mr. J. A. Ritchie, of Ottawa, son of the Chief Justice of Canada, to which we allude in another column. It was followed by the "Pharisee," a melodrama which had a good run in London, but is not likely to in New York. Probably in London it was floated by the popularity or beauty of some actress. In the Madison Square cast the actresses are clever and attractive enough to make a poor play a success. With the exception of the second act, the "Pharisee" is a dreary play. In this second act Charles Harris, as "Captain Foster," showed a real gift of self-depreciatory humour and made things go off fairly well, though there never was any real enthusiasm over the piece from beginning to end. The climax of his act was a good and original situation. Unstinted praise can be given to Baby de Grignan, who acted the four-year-old "Katie's" part. Archness, entering into the feeling of the part, clear enunciation and charmingness, were alike remarkable, and the part of Mr. Pettifer, the solicitor, was very well rendered, indeed.

At Palmer's this week has been brought out for the first time in America "Wealth," a melodrama by Henry Arthur Jones, whose plays have had such a vogue in England lately. Personally, I don't like Mr. Jones' melodramas. Though they all have considerable merit, they all seem to me just to miss it. They haven't enough snap. One is never carried away either by the humour, the passion or the pathos. It goes without saying that the piece was handsomely put on, and the house was packed. Mr. Willard, with his mobile, handsome, humane face, did all that he could with his part, which was only a moderately strong one. His acting is certainly very charming; it is so self-restrained and full of reserve strength. He never overdoes a situation or falls short of it. The part of "John Ruddock" was played with great power, but his personality was made a little too repulsive. Old Mat Kuddick, as the author conceived him, would have never tolerated such a brute about his person. But it was a finished performance, and the parts of the "Doctor" and the "Dude" were well played. The most inartistic performance was that of "Paul Davoren," intended to look like a wealthy young English manufacturer. But wealthy young English manufacturers do not use the "shop-walker strut." Beautiful Marie Burroughs hardly looked as pretty

as usual. She hardly did herself justice in her make-up.

Conversation in literary circles, of course, has harped a good deal on the Copyright Bill. The general impression is that the men who will profit most by it are the big English authors who will be able to make advantageous arrangements with American publishers for simultaneous publication on both sides of the Atlantic; and the rising American novelist, who will no longer have to compete against books with selling names like Besant, Black and Rider Haggard, which have paid no royalty for the author. While this state of affairs lasted few publishers could be found to take the risk of a not very well known native author, to whom a stiff royalty had to be paid. Brander Matthews, who has one of the strongest positions among *litterateurs* in the United States, writes as follows to this week's *Independent*:

THE DISGRACE WIPED OUT.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

The Copyright Bill as passed is a compromise measure; and, therefore, in all probability it is not wholly satisfactory to any of those who urged its passage. But it will take from the United States the stigma of being the only one of the great nations of the world which still permitted the foreigner to be plundered within its borders; it will kill the habit of piracy; it will remove the premium of cheapness from foreign fiction; it will relieve the American novelist from the competition with stolen goods; and it will give the American publishers a chance to supply the demand for cheap books with works of American authorship.

American book-manufacturing printers, electrotypers, etc., will, of course, feel the benefit, though it is not likely that their *confreres* in England will experience any corresponding shrinkage.

The sale of the Eleven-volume Library of American literature, so brilliantly edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman and Ellen Mackay Hutchinson, is doubling itself every month. Already the \$100,000 expended on it has been cleared off.

There is talk of raising \$50,000 to put up an equestrian statue of General Sherman like the Washington statue in Union Square.

The Brayton-Ives sale has been simply a walk-over for the dealers. Mr. Ives would have found it cheaper to have saved the expenses of the auction, and invited the dealers to his house for private bids. This is to be deplored, for the collection was magnificent. But the New York public is either cowed by the verve of dealers like Mr. R. E. Moore, or else it feels that vases at \$3,000 apiece and Bibles at nearly \$6,000 apiece are luxuries in the present disturbed state of the money market.

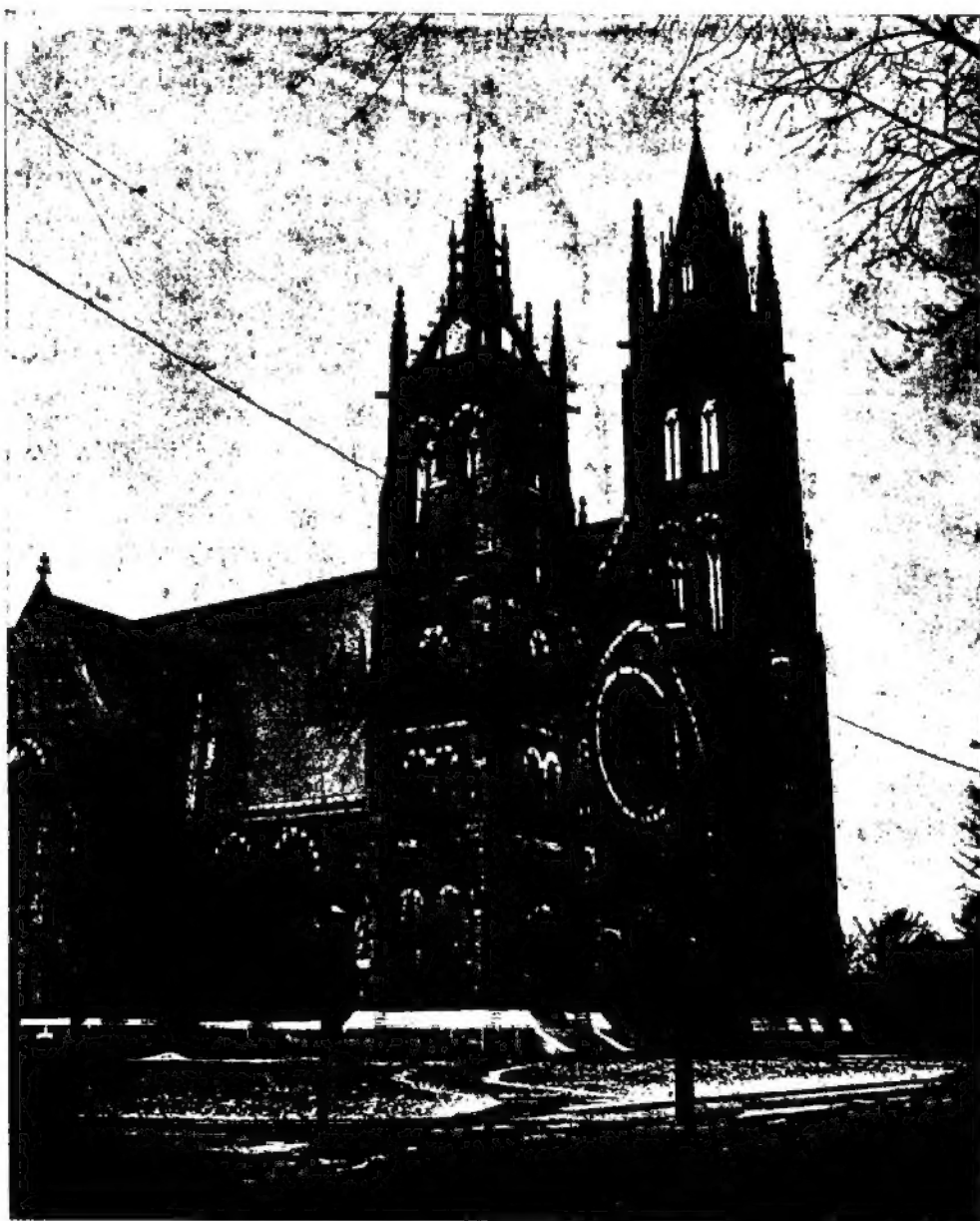
Yesterday Mr. F. E. Elwell exhibited at his studio in West 18th street the bust he has just completed of Vice-President Levi P. Morton for the Senate Chamber at Washington. It is thought a very good likeness.

Yesterday and the day before the artists of the Holbein and Mendelssohn studios in West 55th street, had a private view of their pictures. The most interesting ones were decidedly the Japanese pictures of Mr. Theodore Wores, who spent two years in Japan recently. Mr. George Wineu had a fine picture of A Passing Storm, with a very powerfully painted bull in the foreground. Mr. De Cost had a good Indian picture of a medicine man. He has a charming studio full of Indian curios, as has his opposite neighbour, whose name I forget. Mr. Barnsley had some very striking pictures, and Mr. Charles Johnson, the favourite artist on "Life," had a charming water-colour of a lady in scarlet bending over the end of a sofa. Taken all through, the average was very good. One or two of Mr. Bunner's pictures I liked exceedingly.

There is a tremendous rush among the piratical publishers to get books out before the Copyright Bill comes into operation (in July). One of them told me yesterday that between this and then he should be bringing out thirty translations from the French.

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, perhaps America's most genuine poetess, has come over on a visit from Boston to New York, which she leaves on Monday for Charleston, S.C. She leaves for England on June 6th, and in the fall will bring out a new volume of poems by the late Philip Bourke Marston, of which the manuscripts were bequeathed to her by his father, the late Dr. Westland Marston, the dramatist. Since Longfellow's death her sonnets command the highest price paid to any American author.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.



EXTERIOR.



INTERIOR.
ST. JAMES METHODIST CHURCH, MONTREAL.
CANADIAN CHURCHES, V.

OUR CANADIAN CHURCHES, V.

St. James Methodist Church, Montreal.

While Methodism had early taken root in Newfoundland, New York and other American provinces, its entrance into Canada was of comparatively late date, and no visit of any minister of that body to Montreal is on record until 1803. True there had been a society in existence for several years before the end of the last century, but it had been numerically so weak and financially so poor that it had been unable to take any successful steps towards church organization. The Rev. Joseph Sawyer, of the New York conference, visited the city in the above-mentioned year; evidently more as an agent or missionary than with a view to a settled pastorate, for he stayed but a short time. In 1804 the Rev. Samuel Merwin came on, but in like capacity as Mr. Sawyer and with a similar result. The following year, however, a church was formed, under the charge of Rev. Martin Ruter; it consisted of only 12 members, increased to 20 by 1806. Mr. Ruter stayed but a short time and was succeeded by Rev. Samuel Coates, who was quickly followed by Rev. Nathan Bangs. Up to this time meetings had been held in a rented room, but 1808 saw the erection of the first Methodist church in Montreal; the building being in St. Sulpice street near St. Paul; when sold a few years later it passed into the hands of the Roman Catholics, and although altered by them into offices the walls and most of the structure remained intact until a year or two ago. From 1808 to 1816 the roll of membership showed a steady though slow growth, the war with the United States affecting but little Montreal religious bodies. It proved, however, the means of emancipating the little society from the control of the New York conference, and placing it in direct connection with the British Wesleyan Church—a step with which the great majority of the Montreal Methodists were in hearty sympathy. In 1818 the Rev. Robert Lusher assumed the ministerial charge; this proved the beginning of a long and most successful pastorate, the rapid growth of the congregation necessitating the erection of a larger chapel within three years of his appointment. This was situated on St. James street, at the corner of St. Francois-Navier, on the site now occupied by the Medical Hall. It was a neat building, of the Grecian-Doric order; it, with the ground, cost £4,550 and could seat 1,200 persons. Our space forbids us following the growth of this parish for the next 24 years. It had seasons of great religious revival, and opened several mission chapels in the suburbs, which drew off more or less of the numerical and financial strength of the congregation. Its membership, in spite of these calls, grew steadily, and in 1845 had risen to 770—far too large for their religious home. Then was erected, and opened with great ceremony, the venerable church on St. James street, demolished but two years ago and giving place to the imposing block known as "The Temple Building." Its seating capacity was from 2,000 to 3,000 persons; its cost was about £13,000; and within its walls was enacted much of the public religious life of Montreal for 40 years, most of the large denominational meetings during that period having been there held. Its usefulness had been great; but when it had survived all contemporary down-town churches, and when the rapid growth of the city west and north caused many of its most zealous adherents to be put to no little inconvenience to attend its services, it became necessary to replace it with a building in the residential part of the city. The large block of land on St. Catherine street, between Alexander and City Councillors streets, was secured and the building, of which we to-day show engravings, was commenced in 1887, the corner-stone being laid by the late Hon. James Ferrier on the 11th of June of that year.

The structure is a noble one, being equalled by few, if any, places of worship throughout the Dominion. Its dimensions are ample: Length, 253 feet; width of transepts, 106 feet; height of great tower, 200 feet; height of lesser tower, 140 feet.

The pulpit is ably filled by the Rev. James Henderson, his assistant being the Rev. R. P. Bowles, M.A., B.D. The musical services are of a high class, and the furnishings and appointments are unexcelled. St. James Church may fitly be called the cathedral of Canadian Methodism.

The Duchess of Albany is giving practical proof of the great interest she takes in ambulance work, by going through the final examination of the St. John's Ambulance Association. The Duchess gained certificates for the preliminary examinations for nursing and first aid to the injured.

CORRESPONDENCE.

An Ungenerous Slander.

To the Editor of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED:

SIR,—My attention has been called to a New York letter in your issue of March 7th, signed by Mr. Douglas Sladen, in which he has seen fit to make a passing reference to Canadian politics, and mention, with apparent satisfaction, that the "disgraceful plot of Wiman, Attorney-General Longley, the *Globe*, &c.," had been seen through, even by the *New York Herald*. Such imputations are frequently made by writers who are permitted to air themselves under the cover of newspaper leaders, and in this form I am compelled to be silent and trust to the good sense of the public to weigh them at their just worth. But when a gentleman in Mr. Sladen's position ventures over his own signature to utter such an explicit charge of baseness, now that the elections are over and no ulterior object can be suspected, I feel it due to myself to speak.

I made two visits to the United States within the last few months. One was made last August and was purely for pleasure and recreation. While there I frequently saw Mr. Wiman, and conversed with many prominent public men in the United States on Canadian affairs, but I made no public utterance in that country during my whole visit, except in the form of occasional newspaper interviews. But the charge that I was engaged in any "plots" whatever, much less "disgraceful plots," is a foul calumny, for which Mr. Sladen has no authority whatsoever. The other visit to the States was made in January and February of this year. I went in response to invitations to attend three public banquets given by commercial bodies. One was the Board of Trade of New York, whose banquet was on the night of January 29th, and which was tragically terminated by the death of Secretary Windom, and as he was the first speaker, no other speeches were made. The second was the Merchants' Association of Boston, whose annual banquet on the evening of January 30th I attended, and made a speech, which was fully reported. The third was the banquet of the Commercial Club of Louisville, Kentucky, held on the evening of February 3rd, which I attended, and at which I made a speech, which was also fully reported.

I challenge the most malignant enemy to find one word uttered by me on these occasions incompatible with the respect due to my own country, or which threatened in any way the honour, integrity and independence of Canada. I never forgot for one moment that, as a Canadian public man, my first duty was to my own country, and that I should be not only unworthy the respect of my countrymen, but would earn the contempt of the people of the United States, if I pronounced a syllable untrue to the interests of my own country.

I engaged in no "plots." I never said a word in public or private respecting Canadian affairs, which I would not be willing to repeat in the presence of any British Minister or Her Gracious Majesty herself. I did endeavour to create an intelligent interest in Canada among the American people, and I did aim to put an end to all irritating differences and produce a feeling of friendship and goodwill; but that I was seeking to undermine Canadian independence or to hand the country over to American control by any underhand scheming is utterly and absolutely false, and not a tittle of evidence can be found to justify such a malicious slander.

In the published speeches which I made in the States not a syllable can be found that is untrue to the allegiance I owe the Canadian people. If a single expression can be found Mr. Sladen will be good enough to produce it. When interviewed by the *New York World* and other great dailies it will be found that I told them flatly that political union with the United States was not thought of seriously in Canada, and that the flippant talk about it, which appeared in American newspapers, and was occasionally indulged in by unthinking public men, was the chief cause of the unpleasant feelings which sometimes prevailed in Canada and which retarded the growth of friendly relations between the two countries. I did everywhere advocate the most intimate trade relations between the two countries, because I believed these to be for the mutual advantage of both countries, but this I did in an open and frank manner and without the semblance of "plots."

I hope Mr. Sladen used the insulting expression thoughtlessly and without a full sense of its gravity, and under the

influence of current misrepresentations made by the party press. When Mr. Sladen landed in Nova Scotia, I believe for the first time, I met him at the wharf and entertained him to the best of my ability at my own house, because of his reputation as a poet and a man of letters, and do not think it is a generous return for him to deliberately charge me, without a shadow of authority, with the grave crime of treason.

Yours, &c.,

J. W. LONGLEY.

Halifax, March 16th, 1891.

To the Editor of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED:

SIR,—Nothing has given me so much pleasure for many a day as Attorney-General Longley's printed disclaimer of any sympathy with the Farrer letters.

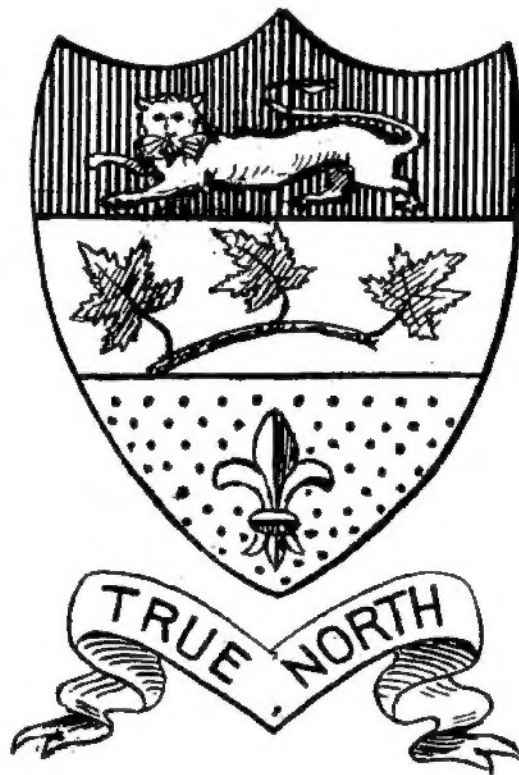
I am delighted to retract any expression or insinuation which implicated him in it.

When I was in Nova Scotia Mr. Longley was my host and friend. The only shadow that came between us was my suspicion that he was not 'Canadian' enough.

Now that he comes forward and acknowledges—nay, protests that he loves "the maple on the corner of the old Red Rag" as well as Sir John himself, even this shadow is removed, and I apologise to Mr. Longley with absolute sincerity. The pain expressed in Mr. Longley's very gentlemanly letter has pained me also a great deal. I hate insulting anybody, much less a man at whose table I have sat. My remarks were only intended for the Judases concerned in that document drawn up to show how Canada could be starved into submission—to gain a party advantage. For such men I do not wish to conceal my contempt.

Again, I must express my delight that Mr. Longley has come out definitely and publicly as a 'Canadian,' and tender him every apology.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.



To the Editor of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED:

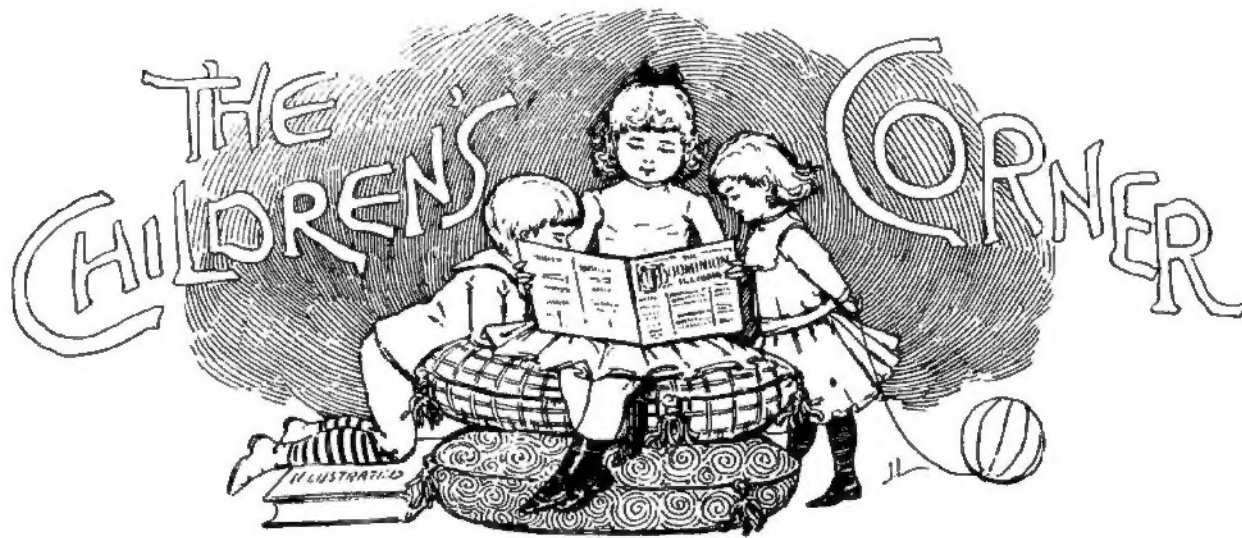
SIR,—I submit the enclosed design for a Dominion coat-of-arms, in view of the general dissatisfaction with the present museum of vegetables, buffaloes, &c., which does service as our shield. This one is based upon the Quebec coat, which contains the best and simplest combination of historical emblems for all Canada, except that the maple leaves ought to be the central idea for the larger purpose. I have therefore transposed the quarterings so as to put the maple leaves in the place of the lion, and the fleur-de-lis below. The motto, however, might be any other than that here suggested.

W. D. LIGHTHILL.

The present Parnell-National conflict in Ireland recalls a well known verse:

There were two cats in Kilkenny,
Each thought there was one cat too many;
They quarrelled and fit,
They scratched and they bit,
Till instead of two cats there wa'n't any.

The English Conservatives, doubtless, hope that history will now repeat itself on an enlarged scale.



Bed-Time Fancies.

Out from the corners and over the floor
Come flocking and flocking the shadow band;
I will get in my little white coach and drive
Through the Valley of Dreams into Slumberland.

I have four black horses that Night has lent,
I call the name of my coachman Sleep,
And the little white coach is cozy and soft,
As I nestle down in its cushions deep.

Heigho! we are off. The horses go slow
At first, then fast and faster still,
With silent hoof-beats speeding on
Down to the foot of the Drowsy Hill

This twilight place is the Valley of Dreams,
Where all the wonderful dream things are,
And the balsam groves and poppy fields
That stretch on ever and ever so far.

The dream forests rustle their secrets out,
The lights of the dream town twinkle and shine,
And the white dream-ships from the harbour sail
Away to the dim horizon line.

Ah! the sounds of the Valley are growing faint,
Its sights are fading on either hand,
I cross the border still and dark
And enter the real Slumberland.

Farmer Brown's Wonderful Adventures In the Moon

By MORDUE

(Continued from No. 140.)

"Dear! dear! Well, I suppose I shall have to try, but how shall I commence?" Then he remembered in a vague sort of way that the speakers he had heard always began with "Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen." "That's the correct thing, no doubt. So I had better begin that way."

Bowing to the Man-in-the-Moon, he said, "Mr. Chairman," then turning to the army, "Ladies and Gentlemen, I,"—but he was interrupted by a roar of laughter.

"What's the matter?" he asked in a bewildered way, turning to the Man-in-the-Moon.

But His Majesty was laughing as well as the rest and could hardly answer him; at last he gasped out: "Don't you see? there are no ladies present."

"Oh,—ah, yes—yes,—how stupid of me!" Then he began again. "Mr.—Lad—I mean—oh, what do I mean? Oh, now, I have got it. Fellow-citizens, I hope you are feeling quite well, and I am much obliged, I am sure, for the great attention with which you are listening to me." (There, that is a little better; I do believe I shall become a speaker after all.) This was said in an undertone, as he paused awhile to steady himself against a rock, for his knees threatened to give way, while the perspiration rolled down his face. "As I was saying,—bless my heart, what was I saying?" and in frantic despair he ran his fingers through his hair till it stood on end. Just then a happy thought struck him. He had once learnt a piece of poetry; why not give it to them; everybody was fond of poetry. So clearing his voice he began:

Cowards, cowards, all of you,
Traitors, traitors, every one.

What the rest was will never be known, for he got no further, for a great shout of anger drowned his voice, and a dozen little clubs and spears were flung at him, and if it had not been for the presence of the Man-in-the-Moon nothing would have saved him from their fury. Poor Farmer Brown was so overcome at this unexpected ending of his poetry that his knees gave way entirely, and he sank in a helpless state to the ground.

The angry clamour of voices was instantly hushed at the sound of a trumpet, which His Majesty commanded to be blown. As soon as quietness was restored, he addressed his army, assuring them that Farmer Brown was deeply hurt at the way they had received his poetry, "for you ought to have known, my brave soldiers, that his

deed, I think you are the bravest, grandest army that exists."

"Well," said the Man-in-the-Moon, "I think Farmer Brown deserves to be rewarded after all this rough treatment. Bring forth the flock."

"Quack, quack," was heard, and there appeared before the delighted eyes of Farmer Brown an immense flock of geese, and in the front rank were his own. Yes, there they were, every one of them, even to Hop-and-go-One, all looking so proud and happy. They advanced with measured waddle to him, whereupon Farmer Brown fell to stroking them with much pleasure, while they quacked merrily away, seemingly as much delighted at the meeting as he was.

"Now you will see the use we make of the flock in time of war." And His Majesty said something to the General, who called out, "The Scout's Division, make ready!" At this command a number of warriors advanced and stationed themselves each behind a goose. Then came the order, "To goose! to goose! and away!" Quick as a flash each little rider jumped on his goose, and was soon soaring away, with Flying Jack leading.

"These are our scouts, who go before the army and bring news of the enemy's movements; from their lofty position, they are out of the reach of the enemy, and can watch what is going on without danger."

"Wonderful, wonderful!" was all Farmer Brown could say.



kind and sympathetic nature was quite incapable of imagining for a moment that you were cowards and traitors. I am ashamed of you for having treated him in such a way; now show that you bear no ill-will by giving him three cheers." This they immediately did, and by the time they were finished, Farmer Brown, who had heard what His Majesty had said, had hastily risen and in great excitement assured them that he had never intended anything personal, but it was the only piece of poetry he knew. "And, in-

CHAPTER V.

THE ARMY ON THE MARCH AND THE ASCENT OF THE ICE MOUNTAIN.

Shortly after the departure of the scouts the camp was struck and the vast army in motion. There being no artillery, and the roads being good, they made rapid progress. From time to time some of the scouts would return with news of the enemy. A little before noon Flying Jack was seen approaching.

(To be continued.)